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VOLUME 2. CINCINNATI, JANUARY 7, 1888. NUMBER 27.

THE BETTER WAY.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.
THE WAY PUBLISHING CO., Proprietors.
M. G. YOUMANS, President.
I. S. MCCRACKEN, Treasurer.

L. BARNEY..............................EDITOR,
Assisted by a Corps of Able Writers

CINCINNATI..........JANUARY 7, 1888.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE - - TWO DOLLARS per Year, strictly in advance. *Two Dollars and Fifty Cents* to any Foreign Country in the Postal Union. In the United States THE BETTER WAY will be sent *Five Months* for One Dollar.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Will be inserted at *Fifteen Cents per line*, Nonpareil, for first insertion, and *Ten Cents per line* thereafter. Special contracts for long time advertisements.

Publication Office, 222 West Pearl Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Wandering Spirits.

A Discourse by Spirit Dr. Edgarton, given through the Mediumship of MRS. E. R. CLOUGH, before the Spiritual Fraternity Society, in the First Spiritual Temple, Boston, Mass., Sunday, October 30, 1887.

INVOCATION.

(Given through the mediumship of Dr. Caswell.)

Our Father and Mother God, we bow before Thy great altar of wisdom, mercy and love, that our hearts may be welded together in one unending chain, and that peace, like a dove filled with power, may descend and remain with us. We come to Thee at this hour believing that Thou knowest what is best for us, and that from Thee cometh all we now have or all we shall receive in the future. We ask Thee to annoint these, Thy children, anew to-day with the oil of spiritual understanding that they may realize their responsibility to Thee and their duty to their fellow-men, as links in the unending chain of love and honor. O Father and Mother, be not alone with us who are gathered in this sacred Temple, but be with all who are gathered together in Thy name, and bless them in all their understandings if they be for the highest good of humanity. Be with us in the services of this hour. Give strength to the instruments of the angel-world and cause an inspiration such as only comes from Thee to be manifest through them. Bless those connected with this Temple who have made it a reality, and guide and direct them ever. May the influence of this place be as a beacon-light on the shores of the great ocean of life, dispelling doubt and fear, and making of death not an enemy of mankind, but a friend clothed in the garments of mercy. O, loving God! quicken within the beings of those before us who have no evidence of immortal life a higher consciousness of that great and holy truth; and may they go forth from these doors to-day clothed anew in wisdom, and a deeper realization of the true meaning of life. May Thy blessing and that of the angel-world be and abide with each one here, now and for evermore, Amen.

DISCOURSE.

We take for our subject this afternoon, "Wandering Spirits." It is in part a conclusion to the two preceding discourses, "The Chemistry of Spirit" and "Modern and Ancient Sorcery." It is intimately connected with the other two, but for the benefit of those who were not present when they were given, we will endeavor, without, however, making repetition unpleasant to those who heard them, to weave their main facts into our theme of to-day.

Long ago one of old put the question, "What is truth?" and when he asked it he was just as sure in his own mind what the truth was about which he questioned as you and I to-day are that we are immortal entities. Hence if you come to us of the world of spirits asking what is truth, you may in our reply receive something almost as impalatable and as much at variance with your former conceptions as did this investigator; for the great event which took place after the propounding of that query proved to him that, in acting against the convictions of his conscience, he had sinned not only against the divine within his own soul, but against divinity itself. But when the world demands to know the truth of us, we must answer, or we shall stand condemned in our own sight.

What are wandering spirits? The Theosophists of to-day will tell you that they are the shells or shadows of your departed friends, holding on to only such consciousness of their former lives as will enable them to retain a memory of that which is past.

The true Theosophist in that marvellous sense of beautiful Theosophy will not make you this reply, for he understands fully what is meant by the cognizance of spirit in every department of spirit-life, and will weigh and measure and thoroughly apportion to each spirit that which is his due. But to-day a class of Occultists have sprung up from the old Theosophists, and come forth from that school like a brood of cuckoos from their nest, singing not the song of the dove or the bird that was intended to be there, but a harsh, discordant and imperfect strain. These are not true Occultists, but they are a class of a hybrid character, who have advanced a speculative theory and espoused that wonderful conglomeration of ideas which have sprung up during the present age as something genuine, but which are entirely spurious.

I speak as a spirit having knowledge of Theosophy and of pure Occultism as taught in the East, but I cannot recognize it as taught here in your midst, when every one who brings it forward has a speculative theory of his own in regard to it, and starts out independently upon the basis that he knows it all. The true Theosophist knows that he holds nothing; that he is of himself nothing. The true Occultist knows that, with all his years of earnest study and labor, he has only learned a little grain concerning himself, the world of spirits and of matter at large. So genuinely modest are these disciples of Theosophy and Occultism that you will not hear them boast of that which they possess, and their silence is not the result of a desire to keep their knowledge from the world, but, having attained to a certain degree of enlightenment, and recognizing the difficulty that mankind has or may have in attaining to that which they have reached only through a long, dreary, toilsome way, they simply dare not give to a waiting world that which they have gained. The true Theosophists and Occultists are very few in number; but a large proportion of the result which they have gained will be in your midst before two years have passed. This is simply a recapitulation of what I gave two Sundays ago. Now we come to the subject of Wandering Spirits.

I wish you could behold them in your midst to-day as we can; for, mark you, every spirit that has not within itself a centre of recognized divine force is a wandering spirit! No matter to what height you have attained in the realms of intellect, if within yourselves you have not a certain cognizance of divine life and something of a knowledge of what you may become spiritually, you are a wandering spirit here in the body, and you are doubly a wandering spirit out of it; for here in the body you have your tastes and desires to gratify and your home life around which your affections centre; but when you pass into spirit-life, though your earth friends have not lost their interest in you, yet they cannot cling to you as before, for you are no longer with them in the sense of their recognization of you—the tie is broken which bound you to your material centres and you wander hither and thither at the mercy of any, and every impulse in spirit-life. If your tastes and desires have been of a particular character here, the first large impulse of a similar nature that you meet after you pass from your body (and remember that your immediate spirit-life lies close to your earth life) will draw you within its power and sway and dominate your spirit until some other impulse with larger attractive force seizes you. What is the result? Everywhere around you, unconscious to yourselves, are wandering spirits, without a spiritual centre, with no knowledge of the divine within their souls, crowding and pressing into your lives. Every one of you to-day, as I see you with my spiritual vision, has about you not alone your home friends, but those who never knew you yet are attracted to you by common impulse, desires and interests. Having no life of their own in one sense, and having wandered into your atmosphere, they live your life while they remain with you, sometimes sapping your bodily vital forces and ofttimes casting the shadow of their own lives upon your intellectual, moral or spiritual statues.

What does the true Theosophist do with such spirits? I will tell you: Having gained the power of becoming superior to matter, he steps out into the boundless space of spirit, touches these wanderers with his love and educates and helps them. However improbable this may appear to you, friends, it is nevertheless a fact. You may ask "Why do not those spirits who are disembodied and not wandering go and assist those more unfortunate one?" I will reply, "Because the true Theosophist who is attached to the body has more power over these spirits than the highest angel in heaven who returns to make earth's children freer and better." His connection with the body makes a bond of sympathy between them, which draws them closely about his spirit, and their souls quickly respond to that which is so beautiful, divine and lovely in his soul, just as your spirits respond to the appeal of any other spirit that strives earnestly and sincerely to benefit mankind. Such a one, walking among the children of men, overcoming temptation and subjecting his body to the will of his spirit, is in spirit-life as divinely clad as almost the highest angel.

I speak thus to you to-day because these questions are so greatly agitating the multitudes at the present time, and the truth or falsity of them must be proved. You can no more set them aside than you can set aside the facts of Spiritualism. You can no more crowd them into a corner than you can crowd out the manifestations of the spirit. The largest liberty must be given them, just as the largest liberty has been demanded by the spirit-world, and granted however grudgingly by mortals for the return of spirits. Do not lay these questions aside in your mind, but seek all the information possible concerning them, and before gaining any definite knowledge do not set up speculative theories of your own for the truth. Do not imagine that by abstaining from the eating of a little meat and resisting the temptations of the flesh that you are freed from the body and have the power to heal mankind, whether in the material form or out of it. You will have climbed a long, long way up the ladder of progress before you possess this power. But what you can do to assist the spirit world and one another is to take hold of these questions intelligently, and, as fast as you get ideas concerning them, help the spirit-world in classifying and bringing forward the facts and the truth in every department of spiritual manifestation; but do not sink into the rut of any one phase of it.

There are constantly coming to my spirit ears queries in regard to the use for which this temple was designed, and I purpose here and now to make it so completely and fully known to you that hereafter there will never be another mistake concerning it.

Below stairs are rooms where mediums of every kind may meet. We desire you to distinctly understand that this is not a church in the ordinary acceptation of the term, nor is it a theatre. One of the rooms is designed for a library, and before the winter is over we hope to see it filled with appropriate books. In connection with the work of this room we purpose establishing a lyceum, not for the children of Spiritualists alone, or for any one in particular, but for the poorest, the most needy children to be found in your city, black or white, Catholic or Protestant, Jew or Christian—and there is a difference between the Christian and Protestant which the spirit-world recognizes fully, for we have both to deal with there. Another room we design to use for speaking and for such manifestations as we hope to bring forward upon the platform a little later. I hope, friends, you will pardon this little digression, for it seems to me quite appropriate at this juncture. Knowing as we do that Spiritualists have come to a knowledge of the spirit-world through some phase of physical manifestation, and forseeing that more and more strangers will be drawn to us, many of whom know nothing whatever of Spiritualism, we purpose bringing onto our platform such mediums as we may choose, those best adapted for our work, to give you tests in connection with the speaking. This we cannot accomplish at once, but shall later on when our mediums are more thoroughly developed in this direction.

Up stairs are rooms in which we hold private circles for the purpose of originating and establishing spirit power of a superior order, that we may have its full manifestation here in your midst.

I do not know how many times I, Dr. Edgarton, have stated the use of this temple, but all the time I hear these questions repeated, "What is it all about?" "What do they mean to do?" I wonder if the Roman Road was built in a day, and if you expect the spirit-world to give you perfect manifestations with the very imperfect conditions that you provide us? for the state of your minds affect them to a degree you cannot realize. Honest skepticism and doubt, which come from a want of knowledge merely, is like a draft of fresh air to weary lungs—I love it; but at the same time certain manifestations require certain chemical forces, to supply which we depend in part upon the elements thrown out by the sitters. When your minds become active they agitate the chemical forces of your bodies and send out to us that which either assists or retards us in our work. Until we can educate you up to a point where you can assist us, not by blind credulity, but by your understanding of and obedience to the laws governing these phenomena, we cannot give you the highest manifestatation of spirit power in public, although we may do so in private with the few who have attained that knowledge.

Do not think that the spirit-world is in the least discouraged, or that it halts at any time because the world says, "What are the Spiritualists doing?" We move steadily onward, and when we are ready we assist you in moving onward with us. Let me assure you of this one thing, friends: We never succeed so well in carrying on our work as when, by making a little mistake of some kind that causes you to lose your hold on the rung of the ladder to which you are clinging, and, tumbling down, you learn to climb up higher and seize hold of something more substantial. The asking for knowledge on your part is the first ray of hope you give us that your progress spiritually has really begun; for so long as you are satisfied with physical manifestations alone and seek for wonders, so long you will be gratified by thousands of wandering spirits, who do not pause to look into your spiritual condition to see whether you will be better off for it or not. Any wise spirit or group of spirits seeking to educate an individual will endeavor to learn what he needs most, and if it be necessary for him to fall off from the wonder ladder in order to be able to gain a knowledge of the spiritual part of these things, they will help to bring about such a result, for then he is simply ready to learn A, and no more.

Friends, I have a plea to make just here, and it is for the wandering spirits. As the spokesman of a band of spirits who are interested in your welfare and advancement, and who are endeavoring to instruct you in that which will be of benefit to you here and hereafter, it behooves me to note carefully everything taking place in your communitity and to make myself acquainted with your wants and needs. In pursuance of this object I have discovered a tendency increasing so rapidly among the half-way Occultists and one-third Theosophists to close the door between the spirit and material worlds that I deem it worthy of consideration at the present time. These people will tell you that it is unbecoming to them as members of such societies to hold any intercourse with departed spirits, that they cannot assist them and it will only result in the spirits dragging them down. As Faithists and Christian scientific healers they affirm that they draw their power direct from the fount of God: there is no intervening agency between Him and them. Permit me to say that the Christian Scientists, the Faithists, the one-half and one-third Occultists and Theosophists are very much mistaken. Neither they nor I as a spirit draw power immediately from the great, divine Ego Himself, save as a spark of that divine spirit gives life and light and intensifying purpose to them and me, else we could not exist. Does the infant know how to be a man? Does he not have to learn through experience how even to creep and walk? Where is the ego within that asserts itself instantly with the great divinity? The blasphemy of such egotism makes me, a spirit, shudder! Watching as we do this great phalanx of life, corporate and incorporate, moving on, these people appear to us like a few ants who have climbed to the top of a mountain and assert, in looking off and beholding the wonders spread before them, that they themselves are the mountains! With all the knowledge that I acquired while here, and with all that I have gained from spirits as superior to me as the sunshine is to the tallow dip, I am only a mite, an infinitely small i, never a capital, so small that I only see myself as the dot above it. Pardon me for speaking of myself this once, for I have no care or love or thought of myself as such.

Friends, reason with me for a moment. Suppose you were to say of every criminal in your prisons, of every insane individual in your asylums, and of every half-witted person in the community: "I will not speak or minister to their necessities or heed their needs; they cannot be affecten by anything I can do, and my endeavoring to help them will only drag me down." What a pitiful state of things that would be! What an abject nation you would become! Every other nation would cry out, "Shame upon you!" and "Shame upon you!" the spirit world cries, "Shame upon any individual who will not recognize a wandering spirit as having a claim upon his sympathy, his help, and even his bodily strength and courage!"

We only ask that you seek to understand the question, that you gain knowledge concerning it, and that you become willing to accept the truth as it is told you. You cannot prevent these spirits being around you, for it is a law of the Creator; but you can make yourselves so strong spiritually that the very atmosphere about you will be charged with moral force and spiritual vitality, giving strength to all spirits who approach. If you must be centres for these spirits, in the name of the merciful Father, become spiritual and not animal centres. This idea of the possibility of becoming spiritual centres has already been grasped by the Occultist and Theosophist, and is a truth worth holding on to. It is well to study every phase of every question. Do not turn away from your neighbor who has secured one crumb of truth only, for it is sure to be the crumb he most needs. Do not scorn him; for, if you have two crumbs, their possession places upon you the responsibility of listening patiently to him. Even these slender portions of truth will lead to the establishment of a certain spiritual centre for their possessor; but do not go so far as to think because you hold a part that it is the whole. If you allow this idea to find lodgment in your minds you become the worst of wandering spirits, for spirits out of the body will learn to hold you as centres from which to send out a power that will work devestation and ruin. Egotism is not an impulse upward and onward, but always backward. Mark you, I do not say that they succeed in establishing a power backward, for this is impossible; but they do succeed in sending an impulse backward, and when mediums or spirits get into that undercurrent of power they cannot progress spiritually until they extricate themselves from it. Ambitious wandering spirits possessing power over matter, do wonderful things, and they do them in a way that oftimes creates a great deal of disturbance

All that the spirit-world asks of you is to study not alone one law, but all concerning these things of which I speak. If your little child taps out a message of such a character as to render it impossible to emenate from any other source, do not stop there, but press onward. Gather up every fact you can, and remember that every truth you gain in the material world that is of benefit to you morally or intellectually is of benefit to you spiritually as far as the spirit-world is coucerned.

I used to have unlimited patience when I first commenced controlling a medium, forty-five years ago, with those mediums who scouted at the genuineness of every other phase of manifestation than that which they possessed. I said, "It is but natural. They are but children in this beautiful school. They do not know anything about it. It is all so new to them." Now I have lost all patience; it has ceased to be a virtue with me. After forty-five years' experience, after the enlightenment that the spirit-world has given, and the lessons it has taught in charity, mercy, justice and truth, it is a shame for intelligent mediums to decry all other kinds of mediumship than their own. No medium has the faintest shadow of a right to say, "My mediumship, and mine alone, will redeem the world." You may say that you do not know any medium who thus expresses himself or herself. Very true: we spirits do not hear them express themselves in these words verbally, but we look into the hearts of the people, and you and I both know that we can express ourselves more eloquently by actions than by words when speech would not be prudent. We watch these manifestations of spirits everywhere, and remember that with our great beacon-light of truth in our hands we have no right to screen untruth anywhere. Better the sharp, keen, incisive cut of the surgeon's knife than the healing over with soft, tender words while the sore is left to fester inwardly. If spirit communication means anything it means truth. When we come to you we shall always give you the clean, clear, unvarnished facts, and if they hit the medium whom I am now controlling, hit they must, strike they must. Because I use an instrument and love some of his or her characteristics, I am not to palliate his or her sins any more than the sins of the world at large, or any other individual. I do not mean to be harsh, but I intend to so clothe myself in the garments of justice and truth that when I move into the presence of the children of men they shall feel that my words are true, that I love them, and that such evidence as I bring will give knowledge of priceless value to their souls.

Spiritualism is a very expensive field to explore, and I advise you all in making your investigations not to start by receiving information from wandering spirits. They do not know any more than you do. This is a point that I tried to settle so effectually last Sabbath, and make it so clear and plain, that you could never mistake it again. That those who have passed into the spirit-world do not know any more than you do; I will not even except your fathers, your mothers, your brothers or your sisters. What more do they know of spiritual truth than you do? They lived and associated with you; you walked hand in hand together; and they died with your arms about them. Have they become suddenly emancipated from all ignorance? Has the divine effulgence suddenly descended upon them and made them angels fitted to instruct and guide you? No; assuredly not. You asked me for the truth, and I answer that this is the truth.

The practice of holding private circles is becoming more and more prevalent in the first circles of society. The members of these seances endeavor to keep this matter a secret from their neighbors, but through some little accident they learn that their neighbors are doing the same thing. Twenty-five years ago such a state of affairs did not exist; but the light of this truth from the spirit-world has entered every darkened corner of earth, and compelled the people to accept it in spite of their prejudice and bigotry. These so-called first families boast of the superiority of the communications received at their private sittings, compared with those given through many of our public mediums. That is very true in a certain sense. You receive from the spirit-world what you send out. They send out an intelligent, educated, cultivated force, oftimes exceedingly peculiar as well, and they get their manifestations clothed in the same elegant, precise manner, although the spirits returning to them may possess no more knowledge of spirit-life than do those who passed out from more humble earth surroundings. Let me give you an illustration: I was called to the death-bed of an Irish woman, a laundress, who had lost all of her little family. The mother-love in her heart was as strong and pure as in the heart of the richest and most refined mother in the land. She had desired the best for her offspring, and she rejoiced that they would no longer go hungry, but that God would feed them from his table of life. When this illiterate Irish woman, and Roman Catholic at that, passed into spirit-life, the look of resignation and peace upon her face proclaimed that she was no wandering spirit. Very seldom indeed do mothers become wandering spirits, unless their children left behind are in trouble [illegible] sin; and then there is no tiger more [illegible] no leopard more keen to track its [illegible] no lynx more sharp to destroy, than [illegible] in avenging the wrongs of her offspring. More than all others I should dread [illegible] meet in spirit-life the mother whose chil[illegible] I had harmed. There is no revenge [illegible] acceptable to spirits as that wholesome indignation that ascends into sublimity of [illegible] mother over her injured offspring. Revenge, did I say? Oh, no; that is the wrong word; justice is what I mean.

All about you are these wandering spirits. You cannot drive them away, but you may help them. When you form these little circles of which I told you, do not ask for George Washington, Queen Elizabeth, or any of your grand statesmen to come to you; but pray that your interior sight may be opened that you may see clearly what is around you. Do not ask a[illegible] spirit to give you a test of his ident[illegible]

(Concluded o[illegible]

IN LANDS AFAR.

In some parts of Germany marriage censes are forbidden by law to be granted rsons addicted to the liquor habit.

The profits in raising cereals in England have fallen off to such an extent as to cause the farmers to cease growing them.

China has at present 1,500 temples to the honor of Confucius, at which 62,600 pigs, rabbits, sheep and deer and 27,000 pieces of silk are offered annually.

The demand in England for butter during the last year was for 300,000,000 pounds. Of this Holland and Sweden supplied 200,000,000 and the United States 10,000,000 pounds.

A peculiar fish is found in the Japan sea which is so poisonous that it often serves as a means of suicide. It produces sensations similar to those produced by morphia.

India has eighty-nine cotton mills, in which are employed about seventy-five thousand hands. These mills are operated by English owners, and in brisk seasons are kept running seven days in the week.

A great deal of Chinese land is divided up into farms of one-sixth of an acre in each. Field hands in China are paid $12 per annum, with food, straw shoes and free shaving. It costs about $4 per year for clothes.

The forestry rule throughout Europe is to cut only a certain proportion of the trees, and to follow this up by the planting of new ones in order that the full supply may be kept up. The forests of Switzerland and Prussia realize the governments of these countries $10,300,000 per annum.

An inventor of Paris has gotten up a balloon to be propelled by steam. It is shaped like a fish, and is about 200 feet in length. The engine is suspended in a car beneath. It weighs 3,300 pounds, and is connected with a propelling screw. The inventor expects to make about fourteen miles per hour.

The United Kingdom, with three times the area of Ohio, has about the same number of hogs, six times as many sheep and seven times as many cattle, and on the same acreage raises twice as many bushels of wheat. So, taking it all around, the productive value of her land under her system of farming is about as great as our own.

A craft of American origin is in use on the Thames river, which has for its motive power the explosive force of petroleum. The boat is started by lighting a lamp, and the lamp must be extinguished to stop the engine. The fuel costs less than coal, while the omission of the boiler saves much space and the expense of the fireman and working engineer.

The results of the survey and last census of India, says an English paper, are that the area of the peninsula Hindostan is 1,382,624 square miles, and the population 253,891,821. Although immense tracts of land are annually cultivated, according to the most recent survey 10,000,000 acres of land suitable for cultivation have not as yet been plowed. At the same time 120,000,000 acres are returned as waste lands.

Part of the Desert of Sahara is likely to become transformed into a fertile and populous region. Artesian wells have been bored in great numbers throughout the southern section, from which a plentiful supply of water is derived. These oases are becoming so numerous that the heretofore continual drought has been broken, and rain has fallen in small quantities where it was never known before. In addition many thousand trees have been planted, and these will in time help to change the character of the region.

STRAY BITS OF SCIENCE.

One gas jet in a room vitiates the atmosphere as much as the presence of six persons. The tallow candle is the most unwholesome form of illumination, it is said, and the electric light is the best.

Experiments with gun-cotton have developed the fact that a small charge exploded upon two iron plates, between which the leaf of a tree has been placed, reacts with such force as to make an impression of the leaf in one of the plates.

A German scientist has taken four heads of hair of equal weight, and then proceeded to count the individual hairs. One was of the red variety and it was found to contain 90,000 hairs. Next comes the black, with 103,000 hairs to its credit. The brown has 109,000 and the blonde 140,000.

In the opinion of competent authority the chloroforming of a person without disturbing slumber is a practical impossibility. The density of the vapor, the strong, pungent odor and the irritation caused by breathing chloroform at first, combine to make it impossible for a person to pass from a natural sleep into a state of anæsthesia.

Princess Bismarck is almost as tall as her famous husband. Her figure is gaunt and her expression severe, except when her face is lighted by a smile. She is very decided in her tastes and can not brook contradiction. The Princess is very sensitive to draughts and the moment she enters a house, be it winter or summer, she orders every door and window closed.

In children, a kind of louse is sometimes found at the base of the eyelashes and sometimes in the eyebrows also. Attention is drawn to its presence by the constant itching and by the hairs becoming loaded with nits. Several or all the children of a family, or even of a whole school, may have this parasite at the same time. A simple remedy is to keep the lashes covered with some smooth, thick ointment.

Stencils are thus made on paper by the aid of electricity: A fine paper is to be used, resting on a block of carbon, and the writing is done with a lead pencil, the lead of which is connected with one of the poles of a small induction coil, and the block of carbon with the other pole. The spark that passes leaves in the paper, along the line of writing, a multitude of fine holes, through which ink may be pressed with a roller.

Colder weather demands warmer food. experiments have given relative ing values of what we eat, and reat accuracy, and tables are accessi- hich lay down so much meat of such d, and all the daily routine, in type he who runs may read. But it is a liarity of our countrymen that all such stics are passed over without notice, ith some observation on the dryness he topic, while the average man really ws nothing whatever of his changeful ds.

ss rapid increase in the use of electric- a motive power gives special interest he discovery that palladium, a metal of platinum group, but of far lower densi- than the latter, may be substituted for d in the manufacture of watches. Pal- ium is absolutely nonpolarizable, and it unaffected to any noticeable extent by presence of a magnetic field. Besides s it has the incidental advantage of be- rust-proof. The discovery is due to

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

Frequent applications of sweet oil effect a speedy cure of scaly legs in canaries or other cage birds.

For a cough, boil one ounce of flax-seed in a pint of water, strain and add a little honey, one ounce of rock candy and the juice of three lemons; mix and boil well. Drink as hot as possible.

For bunions get five cents worth of saltpeter and put it into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to nearly dissolve it; shake up well and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently if possible.

Apple Pudding.—Pour a quart of boiling water over a cup of tapioca and let it stand one hour. Lay cut apples upon a butter dish; two cups of sugar, a little lemon, vanilla to the tapioca; pour this over the apples and bake one hour; canned peaches can be used instead of the apples.

Custard Cake.—One and one-half cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, two cups of flour, two eggs, a little salt, two teaspoons of baking powder. Filling—Two-thirds of a pint of milk, one-half cup of sugar, three teaspoons of cornstarch; beat this together, and let it thicken on the fire. Put between the layers.

Here is a sure remedy for felons: The first symptom is generally like the pricking of a sliver. As soon as you are convinced that it will prove to be a felon apply a fly-blister, letting it remain until there is a little white fester drawn to the surface. Open, then let the blister remain until the soreness has disappeared.

Graham Crackers.—Seven cups of graham flour, one cup of butter or sweet cream, one pint of sweet milk, two teaspoons of baking powder with the flour, put in the butter (or the cream), a little salt, then the milk; mix well and roll as thin as soda crackers; cut in any shape and bake quickly.

A good dressing for fowls is made thus: Take as much stale bread as you will need, pour boiling water over and cover closely until soft. Beat up well until fine, then add a lump of butter, the size depending upon the condition of the fowl, whether fat or lean; add an egg for each fowl, salt and pepper to taste, and put in enough onion cut fine to give a nice flavor.

A roast of beef should never be washed, and if it has accidentally been wet or moistened, it should be carefully wiped dry before it is seared or put to cook. Searing almost instantly coats the cut side of a piece of meat, and prevents the escape of juices in the after-process of roasting, while a firm, steady heat gently but thoroughly cooks it, and thus both juices and flavor are preserved.

Beds should be opened every morning to the sun and atmosphere. Do not be in too much haste to get the chamber in order. Several hours should be devoted to their thorough ventilation after the night. Let the sheets and blankets be spread over separate chairs and mattresses lifted apart, and the pure morning air allowed to get into every nook and cranny of the room before the beds are made.

A pretty plaque is made by taking a common tin pieplate and painting in any way desired. Gild the edge of plate. A light blue ground with spray of apple blossoms or daisies is very pretty. If you can not paint you can make quite as pretty a one in this way: Paint plate the color wished, and in the center glue an embossed picture, a group of pansies or roses. A cream ground with pansies is pretty.

Woven ribbon scent-bags are very handsome. Make a bag about six inches square, of cambric, placing inside perfumed cotton. Take two shades of ribbon, old gold and blue about one inch wide is very pretty, and weave together like checker-board, catching edges together with the ravelings. Make two of these mats one-inch larger each side than your bag. Place scent-bag between the mats, tack at corner. Finish by fringing the ends of the ribbon.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Cut up cold boiled potatoes until you have about a quart. Put in a pan a generous cup of milk, one teaspoonful flour and one tablespoonful butter. Set on the stove and let it thicken, then put a layer of potatoes in a pudding dish, season with salt and pepper, and pour on a little of the gravy. Continue until it is all used. Cover the top with rolled cracker crumbs and bits of butter. Bake twenty minutes.

A table set with the plainest fare, if it has the sunshine of a pleasant face, and kind words, is more palatable than a variety of choice dishes, which are seasoned with fatigue that is only too apparent in the tired looks and complaining tones of the one who has prepared them. And if that kitchen floor can't be scrubbed, don't call every body's attention to the fact, but talk about something else more pleasant and interesting.

Prune Pudding.—Stone one-fourth of a pound of prunes, and put them on to stew in just enough water to cover them. Beat the whites of five eggs to a very stiff froth, and beat in with them one-half cup of powdered sugar. Add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Chop the prunes, when stewed, before adding to the above. Put into an earthen pudding dish, and bake for twenty-two minutes in a slow oven.

Watch-pockets made of chamois make useful presents for gentlemen, and any little girl who can sew may make one. Cut from the chamois two pieces the shape desired and sew them neatly together. Ornament the opening around the top with buttonhole stitch worked in scarlet embroidery silk. For a little girl who embroiders, it is nice to work in the center of each piece before sewing together, the monogram of the person for whom the gift is intended, or a pretty flower.

Oyster Pie.—Line a buttered baking-dish with pastry, and place in it a layer of fine large oysters. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Rub two tablespoonfuls of butter smooth with as much flour, and place small bits of it here and there on the oysters. Sprinkle with pepper and salt. Follow this with another layer of oysters, dotted with butter and seasoned as before. Continue this process until the dish is full. Pour in enough oyster liquor to fill the dish to within an inch of the top, and cover all with a rich pastry. Bake until a delicate brown, rub over with a little butter or white of egg, and serve hot.

A shaving-pad is a pretty and easy-made gift for papa or uncle. Get a sheet of blue or pink blotting paper. Cut out of it pieces about five inches square. Take two of these pieces and ornament each on one side with a pretty flower or picture pasted on. Pink the edges, or they may be left plain, and between the squares put a number of smaller squares of different shades of tissue paper. Do not make a hole in one corner of the pad and run through a strong cord for a loop by which to hang it up. Have the loops quite short, and on the corner of the pad where the cord runs through, place a bow of satin ribbon sufficiently broad to conceal the cord. The pad must hang diamond-

COMMERCIAL IMPORT.

Fifteen million dollars' worth of monds are annually required to sa demands of the trade in the United

There is a large over-production of s pencils in the world. The consumption placed at 600,000,000, while the productio fully double that number.

Fourteen dealers in Chicago handle greater part of the entire broom product of the country. This city is s be the largest market for this artic world.

An increase of twenty-nine the volume of the postal mone ness is noted. This may be dication of a general increa ness of the country.

The superintendent service reports that t United States throug Mexico, in 1886 to Sept In 1887 to September to $1,250,000.

According to ry of the Chamber ort trade of New Y ast fiscal year valu ver sixty-six per cent. rade of the United Stat

Potatoes from ing received at the ra a month, and some shipm from Ireland. These, t signments from Nova Sco r, void created by the sca year.

Notwithstanding duction of shoe pegs in Ger annually made upon the U States for immense quantities. The German manufacturers are compelled to draw on other countries for material, and in view of the high duties thereon are unable to compete with American prices.

Experiments by the Government during the last year in the manufacture of sugar from sorghum are reported very successful. On fair soil the yield of cane was an average of twelve tons. The average yield of sugar per acre was about 1,500 pounds, and of syrup 180 gallons. It is claimed that at this rate, even at the present low price of sugar, the business of making sugar from sorghum will be very profitable.

A recent undertaking is the shipment of oranges from Florida to Europe. During the months of November and December the markets throughout England and Scotland have no supply of oranges except immature and consequently very sour fruit from Spain and Italy. Florida oranges ripen early, and will have practically no competition in foreign markets for two months. The transportation costs about fifty cents a box, which is less than the advance of English prices over our own.

Thousands of tons of scrap iron are every year brought to American manufacturers of the sad or laundry iron and in that form returned at no small profit. There is no corner of Europe where American small cast hardware is not on sale. The toolmakers and the machinists of Europe—with their vast resources—are unable to produce a monkey or screw wrench equal to the American wrenches, and consequently they have to import these tools from the States. It is stated that there are no less than eighty thousand dozen of them exported to Europe alone every year. In a word, tools of all kinds of American make are in great demand abroad.

FROM VARIOUS SOURCES.

It costs on an average of more than twice as much to get a patent in England as it does in our country.

A California farmer at Pasadena cut open a pumpkin to feed his cow the other day and found within a nice little pumpkin vine growing. One of the seeds had sprouted inside of the mother pumpkin.

Perhaps the most lucrative office in the National Government, next to the Presidency itself, is the clerkship of the Supreme Court at Washington. It yields an annual income in fees of from $25,000 to $40,000.

Scientific investigation has revealed the fact that the bulk oysters of commerce are in many cases increased in size by a systematic course of watering, in trade parlance "floating." This process renders the bivalves plump but detracts from their nutritive qualities.

A photographic apparatus for taking views of the bottom of the ocean is the result of recent experiments by electricians. The device is lowered into submarine depths and an electric current applied which simultaneously illuminates the surroundings and works the mechanism of the camera.

A company of Belgian bankers formed a company some time since for the purpose of exploring and surveying the region of the upper Congo in Africa, to determine the possibilities of a railroad in that country. A party of fifty men have gone to the Congo and it is estimated that $200,000 will be devoted to the preliminary operations.

The East Chicago Steel Works at Hammond, Ind., which recently went into operation, is the first to make Bessemer steel in Indiana. It is turning out a soft product for nails, about 75 tons a day, but has capacity for 250 tons of ingots. It is intended by other parties to erect at Hammond a mill for rolling structural shapes and another for plates.

Six thousand kangaroo skins are received at Newark, N. J., every week. They are brought from Australia, 300 miles from the coast. There are twenty varieties of this animal, and the skin is worth 70 cents a pound. Parisian and London shoe manufacturers, as well as buyers in Greece, Spain, and even Australia itself, are said to purchase tanned skins from Newark tanneries.

Hong Yen Chang, a Chinaman, has been admitted to the bar in New York. Lawyer Chang is about twenty-six years old, and has grown to manhood in New York. He was graduated from the Columbia Law School in 1886, and by a special Legislative enactment last spring, the General Term was directed to waive race disabilities and admit him to practice upon his passing a satisfactory examination.

An electric carriage to run on roadways is the invention of a Pittsburgh man. The power in this carriage is applied through a motor placed under the back seat, which is fed with electricity from an overhanging wire connected with it by a short conductor and a "traveler." The carriage passes easily from one side of the street to the other, and the connection of the motor with the overhanging wire may be broken by the driver when desirable.

In a country court the other day the ownership of a dog was the question at issue. The judge couldn't make out from the evidence which claimant was the real owner, so he made one stand on each side while an officer held the dog in the middle of the room. Then he told them both to whistle and the officer to release the dog at the same moment. When this was done the dog bolted through the open door. "Call the next case," was the only comment of the judge.

COAL OIL JOHNNY.

Contortionist Chats About a Once Famous Character.

How John W. Steele Spent His Fortune—His Minstrel Career—Buying Hotels for a Day—Starting a Hackman in Business.

"Traveled? Oh, yes; I've traveled quite a bit in my time. In fact, I've been around the world three times." This was remarked by William Gaylord, the contortionist, to a writer for the St. Paul (Minn.) *Globe*, the other evening. "And I've had many queer experiences," he resumed. "Do you know, Coal Oil Johnny was my particular friend in his palmiest days? Well, he was. Indeed, I was his roommate when he cut his antics which made him celebrated as the most eccentric millionaire on earth. It was from 1863 to 1869. You see, I was with the Skiff & Gaylord minstrels. Johnny, whose real name is John W. Steele, saw our performance in Philadelphia, and he got stuck on the business and bought a third interest in the show. His first move was to get $5,000 worth of wood-cuts at his own expense. They were all the way from a one-sheet to a twenty-four sheet size, and the largest amount any concern had ever owned. The cartoon, which attracted so much attention, of "Bring That Skiff Over Here," was in the lot. We went on the road, did a monster business everywhere, turned away people and were prosperous. Reaching Utica, N. Y., Johnny treated to a supper for the company, which cost $1,000. He then conceived the idea of traveling by his own train, and purchased an engine, a sleeper and a baggage car at an enormous expense. All dates for two weeks were canceled, and we went junketing, Johnny footing all bills. In Erie we had a $500 supper, and so it went. It was here that Johnny bought his first hack. After a short ride he presented it to the driver. Our dates being canceled, Johnny insisted upon indemnifying us for loss of time. He paid all salaries and then estimated the probable business receipts upon the basis of packed houses and paid that over to Seth Slocum, our treasurer.

"In Chicago, Johnny gave another exhibition of his eccentric traits. He leased the Academy of Music for the season, and we did a big business. Finally he proposed a benefit for Skiff & Gaylord, and sent over to rent the Crosby Opera House, then the first in the country. The manager sent back the insolent reply to the overture. 'We won't rent our house for a nigger show.' Johnny got warm in the collar. He and I went down to his office in Root & Cady's music store."

"'What will you take for your house, and sell it outright,' asked Johnny of Mr. Root.'

"'I don't want to sell,' said he.

"'I'll give you a liberal price. Money is no object."

Then Johnny pulled out his roll from his valise and counted out $200,000 and asked Root if that was an object. Root was thunder struck. "If you are that kind of a man," "you can have the opera house for the benefit free of charge." Well, the benefit was the biggest success ever known in minstrelsy. The receipts were $2,500 and more were turned away than could be given admission. Next day Johnny hunted up one of the finest carriage-horses in the city and presented it to Mr. Root in recognition of the courtesy.

"Oh, Johnny was a prince with his money. His income at that time was $15,000 per day, but I have seen him spend as high as $160,000 in one day. That was the time he hired the Continental Hotel in Philadelphia and bought the Girard House.

"You have doubtless heard of the circumstances. It came about in this way. We went to the Continental and Johnny very politely said to the clerk: 'Will you please tell the proprietor that J. W. Steele wishes to see him?' 'No, sir,' said the clerk; 'the landlord is busy.' Johnny suggested that he could make it an object in a financial way for the clerk to accommodate this whim. At this the clerk became disdainful, and Johnny tossed a bell-boy a $10 gold piece, with a like request. The result was an interview in the office with the landlord forthwith. Johnny claimed he had been ill-treated, and requested the summary dismissal of the clerk. The proprietor refused, and then Johnny asked for the price of the hotel, offering to buy it. The man said he could not sell, because he was not the entire owner.

"'Will you lease it for to-day, then?' asked Johnny.

"'No.'

"'Supposing I give you $8,000 for the privilege?'

"'Well, that alters matters somewhat'

"A bargain was made, the $8,000 was paid over, and Johnny was instaled as landlord. He made me bell-boy, while Slocum officiated as clerk. The doors were thrown open, and every guest in the house had his fill of wines and edibles, free of cost. In fact, a huge placard was posted in front of the hotel: 'Open house to-day; every thing free; all are welcome!' Oh, it was a merry lark. The whole city appeared to catch on, and the house was full. When Johnny thought he had had fun enough, he turned the hostelry over to the landlord, who at once reinstated the odious clerk. Here was a howdedo. Johnny was frantic with rage. He went over to the Girard and quickly concluded a bargain for it, the consideration being $110,000. It was placed in the charge of the old proprietor, with the instructions to 'buck' the Continental by making the prices so low that every body would come there. This was done, and the Continental did no business so long as the arrangements continued. The day of the hotel transaction we were up on Arch street. A rain set in and Johnny approached a hack standing in front of a fashionable store, and tried to engage it to carry us to the Grand. The driver said it was impossible, as he had a party in the store. Johnny tossed him a $100 bill, and the driver said he would chance it. When we arrived at the hotel Johnny said: "See her, Cabby, you're a likely fellow. How would you like to own that rig?" The driver thought he was joking, but Johnny handed him $3,000, and a half-hour later the delightful driver returned with the statement that the purchase had been affected for the $3,000. Johnny then gave him $1,000 more to get a stable with, and that man is to-day the wealthiest hack owner in Philadelphia. It was about 1866 that Jonny went broke, poor fellow. All this talk about his lighting cigars with $100 bills is nonsense. He was a spendthrift, but he usually spent his money where he thought it would benefit some one. Good-bye, I must hurry, for my turn comes next.

EDITORIAL REMARK.

The Pacific coast claims the most beautiful women in the world—that is, a few of them.

During a period of five years, according to reliable statistics, 88,273 deaths have resulted from scarlet fever in England.

It costs Los Angeles, Cal., about three hundred dollars a month to feed her jail birds. Population at last accounts fifty-five thousand.

The departure of the zinc corner for fields ayont the main is announced. It never will be missed so long as we have a "trust" or two left to console us.

Much of the contemplated railroad building for the coming year, it is thought among the companies, will have to be abandoned in consequence of the high price of steel rails.

Minnesota is an excellent field for peripatetic gentlemen of limited means. One of this stamp lately "struck a hive" up there. A widow of wealth married him to get rid of him.

It is the opinion of Dakotians to the extent of a three thousand majority that the Territory should be admitted into the Union as two States. The area and population certainly warrant such a conclusion.

A departure in the usual method of getting out printed matter has been instituted in Sauk Center, Minn., it being the operation of presses by wind-mill power. Wind is an essential in all printing establishments, but as applied in this practical manner it is decidedly a unique reinforcement of the service.

A new form of dissipation has come to light. It is known as the ginger vice, and consists in a free indulgence in a drink, the principal constituent of which is the essence of ginger, sold for medicinal purposes. The evils of this intemperance, as reported by druggists, is something fearful to contemplate.

There are many practices that go under the name of business that are assuredly undermining the moral vigor of the young men of this country. The facinations of the "turf," ball-field and card-room are obtaining such a hold on men as to render the contraction of doubtful habits a matter of natural consequence.

The subject of dishorning cattle is at present filling the mind of the farming class full to the brim. However the operation is performed it can but be viewed as at least verging on cruelty. If the practice must be adopted, the animals should be operated upon during calfhood when, according to reliable authority, it is less painful and certainly more easily accomplished.

And now comes the dime craze. This is a fever of acquisitiveness, the victim of which considers himself religiously bound to lay aside all the dime pieces that come into his possession. Coin of any other denomination goes free, but should nine dimes be received in exchange for a dollar they must be "salted" if it breaks the bank. If this fever becomes contagious the U. S. mint will have to churn out an extra lot.

That "a new broom sweeps clean" is ower true, but that a new county board is a clean sweep is an unmistakable certainty. The recent developments in several important centers leads one to believe that the era of profligacy in public office is fast passing away. Tax payers all over the land may feel grateful that the betrayal of public trust is a crime that is being no longer glossed over.

A mammoth undertaking has just been accomplished in the completion of the Big Bend tunnel through the mountains near Oroville, Cal., which for the last five years has engaged the constant labors, day and night, of one hundred men, and has cost nearly one million dollars. It is over two miles in extent and diverts the waters of the Feather river from a bed of surpassing mineral richness, which it is the purpose of an Eastern syndicate to work.

The organization of the various "trusts," that are springing up in this the land in which monopolies are not tolerated, is palpably a subterfuge for the circumvention of the law governing corporations and partnerships, and a means by which to accomplish the overthrow of all authoritative supervision. Their methods of operation are carefully concealed and over the place of concealment is erected a beacon of welcome which should be regarded as a signal of danger and dis-trust.

During the last few years the tide of travel to the Golden West has been flowing out at the rate of ten to twenty thousand souls a month. One-fifth of these are finding homes in different parts of the Pacific slope; another fifth, possibly, is made up of those going abroad and those returning home from the States. Two-fifths more go to see the sights, recuperate their health and spend their money, while the remainder go to barter the fruits of years of labor for bitter experiences, with which to return to their native shores and reflect upon the evils of discontent.

RECENT EVENTS.

A recent discovery at Pompeii was a wooden case containing surgical instruments, some of which are very much like those in use at the present day.

A farmer at Springfield, O., buried $13,000 in silver and gold at the time of the Morgan raid in 1863. Last week his son found the buried treasure in the foundation of an old building. The father had died without revealing it.

A negro woman of Greenwich, N. J., the other day came into possession of $2,276 pension money and in addition thereto a monthly pension of twelve dollars for the balance of her life. She had two sons killed in the Union service.

A bronze bust three feet in height of the late John McCullough, in the character of Virginius, was displayed the other day in the St. James Hotel, N. Y. It is to be placed on a pedestal over the grave of the actor at Mount Moriah Cemetery, Philadelphia.

Five policemen of Bridgeport, Conn., opened fire with their revolvers the other night on what they supposed was an escaped leopard from the Barnum menagerie, but what proved to be a harmless goat. The alarm occasioned by the wild animals at large had not fully subsided.

About a year ago a wealthy California banker volunteered to pay the fare of a young lady who had lost her purse on a railroad train. The lady sent the gentleman the money upon her return home in Clyde, N. Y. A correspondence ensued and the couple were married the other day in Clyde.

POINTS FOR FARM FOLK.

A pound of dry vegetable matter in corn fodder or ensilage fully equals, if it does not excel, in feeding value a pound of dry matter in the best English hay.

The best kinds of squashes for long keeping are the hard-shelled varieties, and these should be stored in a loft provided with double windows to keep out frost and a stove or other means of warmth.

A tree wash of a pound of copperas and two ounces of glue in a pailful of white-wash, and laid on as high as the animal can reach, is recommended as a protection against the gnawing of rabbits.

As high as fifteen pounds of pork have been produced for each bushel of corn fed in the form of mush, with finely cut clover hay. This makes solid fat, but makes the animal a good subject for disease.

A poultryman claims that milk will give far larger and quicker returns if fed to fowls than if given to pigs. Milk, he says, resembles in composition the egg far more than almost any food it is possible to obtain.

Loss sometimes occurs from not salting pork promptly after it is cut up. If it freezes it can not be well salted until thoroughly thawed out, and the expansion and contraction caused by alternate freezing and thawing does no good.

In nearly all cases objectionable odors and flavors do not exist in milk as drawn from the cow, but are absorbed from the air, the exterior of the cow or the clothing and person of the milker, or while the milk stands in the stable.

Uncut tubers are covered with an impervious skin, and in a very dry soil are not quickly shriveled. Cut pieces, if not dried up and destroyed in such soil, lose much of their power to produce vigorous shoots. In a moist soil there may be but little difference in using both kinds of seed.

A farmer says: "I put into a barrel full of sweet cider a quart of milk, about half a pint of mustard seed—the black seed—and six eggs. Mix them all up together and pour them in to the barrel. Cider will keep sweet that way for half a dozen years. I think it gets better and sweeter the longer you keep it."

A ration of thirty pounds of pumpkins per cow, daily, will increase the flow and improve the quality of the milk. More than this quanity should not be given. Pumpkins are very cheap food, as a couple of tons can be grown to the acre with the corn crop. The seeds of the pumpkins ought to be removed before feeding.

Melt one ounce of resin in a gill of linseed oil, and when hot mix with two quarts of kerosene oil. This can be kept on hand and applied in a moment with a brush or rag to the metal surface of any tool that is not going to be used for a few days, preventing any rust, and saving much vexation when it is to be used again.

There is perhaps no branch of the business of stock-raising in which so much money is lost by carelessness and neglect as in raising hogs. It is too commonly the case that the pigs are left to shift for themselves as best they can, making their beds in the manure pile or the straw-stack as they choose during cold weather, and in the summer being confined in filthy pens or turned on a scanty pasture.

A brick floor is the best for the horses' feet. A wooden floor, when dry, gives the hoof a tendency to crack. In the matter of feed a successful stock-raiser says: "Give oats to the horse in summer, but in winter, when not hard at work, feed English hay and Swedish turnips. If you have any carrots sell them to the next man who is willing to use them. I have never seen any thing that made a two-year-old horse grow so fat as Swedish turnips and hay."

This is an excellent recipe for curing hams or beef: To six gallons of water add 9 lbs. of brown sugar, 9 lbs. of salt, 1 qt. of good molasses, 2 oz. of saltpeter, pulverized, 1 oz. pearl-ash. Mix and boil well, taking care to skim off all impurities which rise to the surface. Rub the meat with the salt. Let it remain a day or two to draw out the blood. Pack it down in a cask and pour on the pickle cold, so as to cover the meat. Put on a follower and weight, and let it remain five or six weeks. Smoke with maple, hickory or corn cobs.

HERE AND THERE.

Smithfield, Va., has a church that was erected in 1632 and was occupied continually for two centuries. It is the oldest church in the State and has of late been restored by material contributed by other churches.

Numerous women of Washington, who have in former times occupied somewhat elevated positions in society, make a profession of initiating the female relatives of newly-arrived Senators into the mysteries of polite society.

Paris, Mo., has a diminutive belle, twenty years of age, who is only fifty inches high and weighs but fifty-seven pounds. She is accomplished and very popular, and occupies a high standing in society. It is said the little lady has had several offers from exhibitors.

The only dog ever enlisted in the service of the United States navy, an Esquimaux dog named Wolf, who served in the Greeley Arctic expedition, is at present carefully housed and preserved in San Francisco. He is said to be the property of General Sherman.

Alameda, Cal., has a bowling-alley that is reputed to be inhabited by ghosts, who in the dead hours of the night engage in a merry game of bowls. Upon the supposition that the mysterious visitations are the works of tramps, it is proposed to turn several bears into the building.

Many of the larger cities throughout the country are having crematories constructed for the purpose of consuming their garbage. In this manner dead animals and filth of all kinds is quickly and cheaply consumed. Chicago is the latest addition to the number of cities favoring the garbage furnace.

A resident of Central California recently conceived the idea of turning to account the immense quantity of roses growing in his vicinity. He accordingly had an apparatus constructed for the manufacture of attar of roses on a small scale, and met with such success that there is a probability that many others will engage in the same business.

A new and strange motive power has just been completed at San Francisco. It is a contrivance whereby the movement of the waves of the ocean operate a large suction pump by which water is to be raised to a reservoir at a high level for various purposes. This wave power is simply a huge wooden fan depending from hinges and carried back and forth by the advance and retreat of the water.

A large candy establishment in the city of Chicago has on exhibition what is known as "The Appamattox Table." Upon this table the transactions of General Lee's surrender to General Grant, during the great civil war, were written. The table is an ordinary piece of furniture and possesses no attraction other than that of its historic associations, yet the price paid for it was one thousand do

My Little Men.

Oh dear! What a noise and clatter!
Feet and tongues go patter, spatter!
Do you ask me: "What's the matter?"
'Tis my noisy little men.

This morn at half-past four
(I'm sure 'twas little more),
Bang! went the nursery door,
In came the little men.

"Mamma, we both are here,
Please tell that story, dear,
That fairy story queer,"
Said the teasing little men.

So they climbed upon the bed,
And they tumbled o'er my head,
Till my patience almost fled
With my jolly little men.

But the story then I told,
While my arms must doubly hold
The dear heads of brown and gold,
Of my precious little men.

Then we laugh and talk till light
Sends away the dusky night,
And the golden sun shines bright
On my merry little men.

Then through all the day
I must join the fun and play,
And the quarrels soothe away,
Of my naughty little men.

And I often ask, perplexed,
With my spirit badly vexed,
"Surely what can I do next
For my restless little men?"

But when falls the twilight gray,
And they softly kneel to pray,
O, how earnestly I say,
"God bless my little men."

Loss and Gain.

Do not count, when day is o'er,
Daily loss from life's rich store;
But the gains, however small,
Count them daily, one and all.
Every sweet and gracious word,
Every pleasant truth you've heard;
Every tender glance and tone,
Every kindly deed you've known;
Every duty nobly done,
Every rightful victory won—
Treasure all and count them o'er
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought
Have a bitter harvest brought;
If some foeman hath assailed you,
Or the friend most trusted failed you;
If unkindness and untruth
Have to you brought saddest truth,
Blot the score without delay—
Keep no record of the day.

Keep no record of the care,
Loss and cross we all must bear;
On the page of memory write
Only what is fair and bright,
Let all evil things go by;
Simply joys to multiply.

Thus you'll learn how large a sum
Will with faithful reckoning come.
Long as after cloud and rain
Blessed sunshine comes again,
Long as after winter's gloom
Summer roses bud and bloom,
Long as we have with us here
One sad heart that we may cheer,
Long as love gilds sorrow's cross,
Life's rich gain o'erpays the loss.

"The Other Shore."

A Remarkable Sermon by Rev. John F. Herrlick, of Grace Church (Protestant Episcopal) of Elmira, N. Y.—Spiritualism Fully Recognized by the Orthodox Pulpit, in a Liberal Discourse from an Unexpected Source.

The following excellent abstract of Rev. John F. Herrlick's sermon is copied from The Elmira *Telegram*. It will attract the attention of Spiritualists on account of its Spiritualism, and of all classes of readers because of its eloquence, comprehensive grasp of the subject, and just views of points which the majority of clergymen treat arbitrarily, with evident unfairness. Mr. Herrlick leaves Elmira in a few days in response to a call from St. Paul's Church, Sacramento, Cal. May all good angels attend him.

And Elisha prayed and said: "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see." And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—2 Kings 6:17.

We live in an age of progress and investigation. The drift of many writers is in a psychological and preternatural direction. Stevenson, Conway, Owen, Russell, Bronte, George Elliott and other writers have set many people thinking. Thinking what? Thinking that "there are more things 'twixt heaven and earth than have been dreamed of in our philosophy;" thinking that there is a vast realm of mental, spiritual and psychological powers and possibilities which lies as yet unknown and unexplored, but within whose boundary lines advanced thinkers have now entered.

Humanity is ever asking the question: "Have we heard from the other side, and what is the proof of it?" "What will be our condition on the other side, and how do you know it?" All through the Old Testament scriptures we read of the nearness of the spiritual realm to the material; that they are not lying leagues and leagues apart, but that they border and touch upon each other; but does not the communication, the contact, continue in this present day? Yes, if it ever did! and let us not be deterred in examining or investigating this subject because a great Bible fact and a sweet, holy consolation has been perverted by some for deceit and money. The mere fact that you and myself do not see a thing does not prove that it has no existence. The mere fact that you and myself do not hear a thing does not prove that it may not be heard. The mere fact that you and myself do not feel a thing does not prove that it may not be felt. The mere fact that you and myself do not understand a thing does not prove it beyond the grasp and comprehension of others more spiritually refined or strangely gifted. But some say these strange and unusual things are against the laws of nature. But by what warrant does any one assume to determine what the laws of nature permit or do not permit? Does any one presume to know it all, or has God revealed to any cold, ungifted materialist the whole range of mental and spiritual powers and possibilites? What mean those occasional instincts, intuitions and flashes of wonderful capabilities, unless to show that the soul and spirit now are only in their budding infancy? There may be sounds, sights, existences all about us, which, for want of power to see, or hear, or feel, may go unseen and undiscovered by our ordinary senses.

We may walk through some fair garden at midnight with the lillies and carnations, the azalias and roses all about us, but unseen and unrecognized on account of the darkness, and only when here and there a whiter bloom gleams out, and sweet, faint odors from unseen sources steal through the dewy stillness, do we feel and know that we are in the garden amid the shrubs and flowers. Now, shall we doubt the existence of the flowers because we cannot see them? So too, we may sit on some hillside with the glorious landscape spread all around, yet owing to the dark pall of night thrown over hill and valley we can see nothing of nature's wide-spreading loveliness. But it is all there just as real and existent as though a summer's sun were pouring his beams down upon it. The mere fact of conditions being such that we do not see or feel a thing does not militate against its reality or existence. You wake up of a summer's morning and the air is filled with mist and fog and the whole atmosphere about you is distinctly visible. You can see but a little distance through it. But in a short hour it is all gone; everything is clear, and all has become visible! Has anything been lost—is anything gone? No. Only a change of atmospheric conditions! What before was visible, by contact with heat, by attenuation, has become invisible. So all through the material world invisibility does not prove non-existence. The word of God speaks of many things about which we doubt and waver simply because, in our intellectual and spiritual feebleness, we cannot comprehend them. We may lay it down as a fixed fact that in moral, spiritual and intellectual things, that which has taken place in the past is possible in the present and future. All through the scriptures we read of angels and ministering spirits. "Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation?" In our text we have a scene which has its analogy in the illustration of the garden or landscape obscured by the midnight. If the tourist wait till the darkness has been lifted the grand scene will spread before him. It is there just as grand and as real as it will be when the sun is in his meridian splendor, but conditions are such that we cannot see it. So it was not until the Lord had opened the young man's eyes to see spiritual things, that he saw the horses and chariots of fire round about him! They were there, but the physical eyes could not see them. So too, there are many things. Yes, the grandest and best things in God's great universe are those which now we cannot see.

We cannot see the human spirit with its powers of love and hate—of thought and sympathy, only as it plays upon the face and features. But who ever doubted its existence or separate identity from the human body? The mind now reigns in the material body. It controls matter by will power and is conscious in itself of its separateness and superiority over inanimate matter. The human being, unlike the brute, sees intuitively beyond sense and recognizes the unknown with the seen and known, predicts and indicates, and so he lives in the enjoyment of that which he expects and looks for as well as the things which come to him in the present time. This is reason, instinct, intuition, to feel and to realize what is and what may be from what we now see and experience and to know the future and the hidden by the analogies and intimations of the present. Had we not the power to perceive truths and facts beyond the sphere of our senses we would be little better off than the brutes that perish. And the fact that man reasons and infers beyond material things is itself proof positive that his mind is not material nor a merely material production. By a reasoning process we get a glimpse of all the reconciling possibilities which we so much need to explain to us our present mysterious and often incongruous existence—the apparent inequalities and inconsistencies with divine love, wisdom and justice. What we know not now we may know hereafter. Facts present are intimations of facts in the future—reason and intelligence predict what the love and wisdom and justice of God must work out for us in a realm beyond this. Existence must run on a line of the higher analogies of life and every just expectation fairly founded on present experience is in the nature of a true prophecy, being in harmony with those laws by which all things are wisely ordered. Everything demonstrates that the soul possesses some powers and endowments which the senses could not confer upon us. Our senses are constituted for this world and we are to enjoy it. But our undeveloped spirits are constituted for a still higher realm of existence and achievment and if our very natures are not false in themselves we must in all fairness realize those promises and expectations God has placed within us, just as instinct and intuition were not placed by the creator in birds, insects and animals to mislead, but to direct and guide them! God would not deceive, therefore there must exist the things predicted! Reason and aspiration prophesy the future and the prophesy must be a true one! "We now see through a glass darkly"—the mist and the darkness shut off from sense and vision a myriad things ultimately to be revealed to us. Do we come in contact with a spiritual realm of realities and existences? Let us for a moment speak of some of the discoveries which demonstrate that even in the material world of sight and sound and hearing, there is a vast realm which lies beyond the range of our present senses. We need not dwell upon the modern discoveries in the telephone, the microphone, the microscope and telescope, which reveal to us how we are narrowed down even in our physical senses, and that is only because of our limited faculties that we do not see and hear and know vastly more of what lies about us. And if this be so in regard to the material world, is it not even more true of the intellectual and spiritual? Who does not feel at times the pressure of narrowness and limitation? Who does not feel that they are not all they could be? Who does not feel powers and possibilities struggling for growth and expansion? In everything of a mental or spiritual nature, whether it be in regard to civilization or the individual's growth and progress, time enters in as an essential element. God bestows this higher knowledge just as the race or individual is fitted and prepared to receive it. The world has been advancing through its various grades and stages upward, and God has dealt with humanity just as the wise schoolmaster deals with his scholars. He has promoted it according to its fitness and attainments and now, in this age, the best scholars are advanced to the highest grade—the last class—the preternatural and spiritual. Do we come in contact with the spiritual realm? My friends, this may be a utilitarian age, and, although we may seek the positive and material, yet "Man does not live by bread alone." He lives to improve and develop as much as to exist. In fact, his intellectual and spiritual development is his only real and true existence. That which brings home to our consciousness the greatness and vastness of God's realm of life and nature, even though we see it not all with our eyes, nor hear it with our ears, nor touch it with our hands, is something more than mere impractical theory. Who does not realize that there is vastly more in God's great universe than that which we see in the dust and matter about us? Do you ask what is the use, the benefit of these higher and deeper thoughts and investigations? I say this life is not our true and real abiding place, and though during our tenancy of a few years it behooves us to use our best energies in the cause of our earthly welfare and happiness and the interests of those dear and near to us, yet if our permanent dwelling place is soon to be established elsewhere and if, as the years go, our affections are stealing thither before us, and if the home circle is gradually dissolving here to be re-established in another region, shall we regard it as a matter of mere idle curiosity to endeavor to ascertain whether knowledge of and contact with that spiritual realm is permitted us now before we reach it? With many homes the majority are already on the other side! Is it idle and irreverent to hope and dwell upon its blessed realities and precious inmates? Is it weak and foolish to dwell upon visions and memories of our sainted loved ones? No, my friends, such hopes, such thoughts come from our highest and holiest longings and impulses!

The Word of God teaches and reteaches the contact and intervention of that spiritual realm with this world! The Bible gives instance after instance that have come to those more preternaturally and spiritually gifted and nowhere does it say that henceforth they were to cease forever.

And why should we suppose that there is less interest in heaven for this earth now than in the days of the apostles or patriarchs? We have the inspired record of the return of five persons from that other realm of existence to this one. The Prophet Samuel to Saul, king of Israel, Elijah and Moses and Christ on Tabor. Our Lord himself after his resurrection and the Apostle Paul after being caught up into the third heaven! The gospels declare that after the crucifixion that "Many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after his resurrection and appeared unto many." And in the Old Testament scriptures angelic visitations were many and frequent. All the great poets and writers mention such occurrences. Milton says: "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake!"

"Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit earth, as in those days of old,
The times of ancient writ and sacred story,—
Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?"

Nay, is not this truth an essential element of our religious faith? Is that cold, practical skepticism of those who are morally and spiritually unfitted and unable to grasp or perceive spiritual and intellectual things of this high order, who say that these things which are glorious and possible to finer and more gifted natures, are incredible or impossible! Is it so that there are ministering spirits sent forth to do heaven's errands of goodness, love, tenderness, persuasion and influence? They come, they go. We cannot tell whence they come nor whither they go! But they enter the silent chamber where some loved one is slowly breathing life away and await with folded wings the departing spirit, and at times we can almost feel their presence! Nay, may not the fact of their presence, discovered to eyes that the nearness of death has given the beginning of a power to see spiritual existences, be due that radiant expression which light up many a dying face as the curtain of life is falling upon time and rising upon eternity? "There is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," said our blessed savior; was that stirring utterance only a pretty figure of speech with no objective reality? No—careless of the empty events that agitate worldly society; intent on other strifes than money, position and earthly projects; and with thoughts fixed on a kingdom and existence which must endure forever, they rejoice in every accession which that kingdom receives, and in the rank and condition which a death-born soul will enter upon within it! In the lowest, poorest wretch who cries out in his sorrow and regret, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" or in the coming of a prince or leader who has loved his lord and served his fellow men! Make all the allowance you can for figurative language and poetical allegory, yet there remains vast, calm and not to be mistaken, the firm faith of thousands, proved by a strange and undefinable experience, by the testimony of the holy scripture, the fact of the reality and influence of the world of spirit and spirits upon our lives and actions—contact with that other realm of existence and the wonderful and preternatural powers with which some are gifted! We may not be able to explain modes and processes, but we are left to find our way along that mysterious path by the light of reason, analogy, and by the testimony of thousands who have had a deeper knowledge and a higher experience! That light may be, as yet, obscure and dim, but it will come more clearly as we are fitted and prepared to receive it. If the world has arrived at that point where it is crying for more light, higher and clearer disclosures of what the soul is and will be, so that faith and hope may have a more certain and tangible basis to rest upon, I believe that God will bestow it upon us! The light may now be imperfect and the disclosures and revelations insufficient to satisfy a doubting and skeptical curiosity, whose very lack of faith and spirituality unfits it for these higher gifts and revelations, but it must shortly come to those more advanced and spiritual thinkers. In the dimness of this present life we may not have the full light, but there will be flashes and intimations clear and unmistakable! We may be destined to wait "till the dawn breaks and the shadows flee" for the clear, glorious sunshine, but we believe that that which we now see and meet on this borderland—in this twilight existence—these strange intimations and flashes—only foreshadow and predict the glories and marvels which await God's children in his kingdom beyond this. The gleams and odors we catch now, but then, with spiritual eyes, in the clear sunlight of that other realm, we will behold the full-blown buds and flowers now obscured by the darkness. For then, in God's spiritual paradise, a new light and new spiritual eyes will reveal them to us, and instincts and intuitions; yes, and new powers and senses which now lie latent and undeveloped, will spring into life and reveal them to us. Yes, there are many things which I do not see but which I know have an existence. No one has ever seen the spirit of one with whom he has ever been in daily contact. He has only seen the face upon which the spirit beams or reflects itself. We may not be able to see with material eyes these angelic visitants, but are there not times when we feel the near presence of our sainted loved ones? Why may they not hover near us in our lonely walks and in our meditative and solemn moments? Do we not at times feel them near when the lengthy shadows hallow and sanctify the eventide? Do we not feel them near in moments of impending danger or when affliction and sorrow, like a dark pall enshroud us? Who can say that at such times there is not an objective reality to the strange consciousness of some near contact with a living presence? Who can positively say that angelic existences of our departed loved ones cannot revisit this earth and make themselves known to feeling, to instinct, to impression, and in some of our higher and exalted moods even to an illumined material vision? It has been so in the past; who can say it may not be so in the present and in the future?

Springfield, Ill.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The Spiritualists of our beautiful capital city have been up and doing during the close of the old year, and have had the services of that grand lecturer and inspirational speaker, Dr. J. K. Bailey, of Scranton, Penn., who gave us a course of six lectures; which, without doubt, were the best ever given in our city. The doctor's lectures are very deep, but he is particular to explain everything so explicitly that a child cannot help but understand them. Our hall has been well filled, although the weather has been very cold and we [illegible] through a terrible snow storm. Since the doctor has been here, strangers to our cause have asked to be helped to investigate. The doctor goes from here to Lafayette, and then East on an extended trip. We have made arrangements to enjoy his services on his return to these parts. The society is doing good work and our meetings are very interesting. I am instructed by the members of our society to extend Dr. Bailey their sincere thanks for the great good he did while with us. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, I remain yours for the cause, F. G. SCHNITT.

JANUARY 1, 1888.

C. E. Watkins.

Some Manifestations of his Wonderful Power as a Medium—Will some Scientist Explain?

Hearing from a friend that a spirit medium had recently come to the Hub from the roaring wilds of Michigan, who was by spirit power or by sleight-of-hand outdoing the famed Kellar or Herman, I asked: "Can he equal Slade, Bishop, Montague, or the once famous Foster."

"Oh," he replied, "I tell you he can knock Slade and Foster out the first round, and as for Bishop or Montague, he can do them up before he starts. On my soul," exclaimed my excited friend, "he summons the spirits from the vasty deep by dozens. I have just had a sitting with him. Why, sir, I got a long communication from my brother, in his own handwriting; also one from my mother and our old preacher. These communications were written between two slates which I held while the writing was being done."

Satisfied that my friend was off his base, or that he was the victim of a trick, I noted down carefully the name and address and proceeded directly to the place for the purpose of investigating the spirit claim, or exposing, what I have frequently done, a trickster.

In twenty minutes I was at 109 Falmouth street, an apartment house just off Chester Park, near Huntington avenue. I touched the electric button. The door was opened. I ascended one flight; was met at the door by a little boy, who having but one eye, looked like he might see like a spirit out of the other.

"Is this where Mr. Watkins lives?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply. "I mean C. E. Watkins." "Yes." "Is he in?" "Yes." "Can I see him?" "Yes."

I was ushered into the reception room. In a few minutes Mr. Watkins entered. I was surprised at seeing such a fine looking man, a man of fine brain, pleasing manners, an honest face, and seemingly well educated, and, as I have since learned, a cousin of the novelist, Howell.

"Are you the medium who gives sittings for independent slate writings?" "I am," was the prompt reply. "Can I have one?" "You can."

At this I produced four slates.

"You can write the names of several of your departed friends on a slip of paper, and ask each one a question; then fold the slips into little balls. I will return in a few minutes."

I wrote the names of nine different persons who were dead, asking each one a question, rolled each slip, which contained a name and question, into a fine ball, and when done I could not tell which was which. I had read the report of the Seybert Commission, how they claimed that the slate writing was done by the medium with his feet, and I prepared myself for the trick. In a few moments Mr. Watkins entered.

"Point your pencil towards the little paper balls," he said.

I did so, he standing off three or four feet from me.

"Pick up that one," he said, "it contains the name of a lady; her name is (I will give the initials only, E. G.; she says her middle name is C., which you have forgotten, but, as you were an old lover, you can look at some of her letters which are in your vault of the Safety Deposit Vaults of this city, if you do not already remember. She also says, the last time she saw you was at Trenton, N. J., and you promised—"

"Hold on," I said, "don't you give secrets out of school."

"This spirit says," continued Mr. Watkins, "if you will take up two of the slates she will write you a communication between them, with nobody touching them but yourself; that your father, who died in Chester, Penn., four years ago, will also write a communication."

I picked up the slates and instantly heard something writing between them. In less than half a minute the writing ceased and there were two communications filling both sides of the slate, one in the handwriting of the young lady, and the other in the exact handwriting of my father.

"Take up the other slates," he said, and in less than a minute in the same way I got three different communications, and one from my little girl who had been dead nearly a year, written in her broken writing, and talking just like she did.

"Look on the other side of the slate," said the medium.

I did, and there was a perfect picture of my little girl, wearing the winter hood she wore the last time she was upon the street.

"This picture work of the spirits," Mr. Watkins said, "seldom occurred."

All the rest of my questions were then answered. So thoroughly astounded and almost paralized was I that I left without expressing myself to the medium. In just one hour I was back with our old judge and a brother lawyer. The same performance of writing names being over, the judge said:

"Now, Mr. Medium, trot out your spirits if you have got any. I bet you $100 you can't get any writing between these slates, if you keep your own fingers off of them."

"Take your slates," said the medium, "into the other room, and sit down on them."

This the judge, though inclined to be fat, did in a most simple manner.

"Now get up," said the medium, "and open your slates."

He did so, and there were two full communications filling both sides of the slates, and signed, the one from a prominent lawyer, the other from a book publisher, both well known in Boston, and only dead about two and five years ago. The hand-writing was exactly their handwriting.

Over forty persons have examined these communications, and pronounce the writing and signatures genuine. Mr. Watkins is busy all the time with those seeking an interview with their friends from the vast unknown. His charges are $3, $5 and $10, according to the length and character of the sitting. I have had seven sittings, each one being more wonderful than the preceding one. I have only given an outline of a few things which occurred. If this is not done by spirit power, will some of the wise men and scientists of Boston explain how it is done?—Boston Globe.

The love of the beautiful is inherent in the nature of every human being, and this love should be cultivated and cherished as one of our most valued and priceless possessions. The more we strive after and long for the beautiful, the happier we shall become and the better able we shall be to appreciate all the loveliness that is scattered over the earth by the generous and lavish hand of good old Mother Nature.—[Mrs. E. D. Slenker.

"Not Strangers There."

To whom would heaven's doors so freely open
As to a little child,
Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold,
Lovely and undefiled.

And such a one, of late, was lowly lying,
With fast receding breath;
Over her face the first, last shadow falling—
She was afraid of death!

Her loved ones said, "Oh, do not fear to enter
That land so bright and fair."
To all their words of cheer she could but answer,
"I do not know them there."

But, even as she spoke, her hands were lifted
In sudden, sweet surprise,
And the reflection of some dawning splendor
Illumed her wondering eyes.

No longer clinging to her tender watchers;
And darkened by their woe,
She looked as if she saw some loved one beckon,
And was in haste to go.

What she beheld we saw not, and her rapture
Our hearts not yet might share,
But with a last, bright smile she whispered gladly,
"They are no strangers there."

—[Francis L. Mace.

Wants to Know.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It has always been my notion to look into new things. When my interest began in Spiritualism, about thirty-five years ago, I went right at it to prove it a hollow mockery—and failed. So in later times, when, metaphysics and theosophy came up, I found out all I could about mind cure, mental science, christian science, faith cure, white and black magic, the doctrine of elementals, and all the East Indian super-naturalism of a far away past revived. I did not find among them all an idea or a truth that would stand the test of reason, or that was on a basis of fact, but had been first given through our best developed mediums. So that I haven't deemed it wise to switch off from Spiritualism to make ado over that which has been stolen from it, in many cases by those who have been too dishonest to tell where they first obtained the wares whose excellence they now cry aloud in the high places; and which I would be the last to depreciate, because of their falling into such hands, or into those of many honest practitioners who have in turn received these wares from them.

Following the old habit of inquiry, I want to know about this "Soul Communion." Many of your able and sincere correspondents are evidently heart and soul interested in this work; and having myself failed to give it the same appreciation as they, it must be that there is something about it which I have not as yet learned; but which, of course, they can tell. So I write you this for information.

I had supposed from what I had learned of the advanced minds who have gone before us, that the great law of spontaniety was the basis upon which to build things spiritual. That is, if we desired to commune with our dear ones, or with those on the spirit side of life, who have grown beyond us in wisdom and goodness, and were, therefore, by reason of this growth our natural teachers, that at such times and seasons only as our hearts went up strongly in affection to our unseen loved ones, or when we aspired for light, because of our deeply sensed needs—that this was when we should seek this communion; and that this endeavor should be by ourselves, and not in public; for the reason that publicity attracts the minds of those who make obstacles to this work—the aspiration being one between the spirit performers and the person operated on, and easily affected by the will power of any one in the form, but the most so when such a person assumes a state of antagonism.

We know that ecclesiasticism teaches a very different doctrine. On one day of each week, at a terrible noise of clanging bell-metal, the people go to buildings, made for this purpose, and there go through a formula which is quite likely to make them believe they thus accomplish an important duty; and we also know that people take a literal view of this Sunday business, plying their arts industriously six days of the week in scalping their fellows, while they with the same industry keep up the regular Sunday routine.

We see, too, the same results in the observance of Thanksgiving and Christmas—how the conscience is eased from a life of every day selfishness and greed by a spasm of ostentatious benevolence. The employer, who year by year banks his wealth from labor, at starvation wages, which deprives the worker of life's common comforts, gets his name in the papers as the large-hearted man who gives a turkey to each employe on this one of three hundred and sixty-five days; while the stubborn fact remains that the holiday craze is the means of a great amount of misery and suffering to the poorer classes, and is also too often a lying excuse for the non-payment of honestly earned dues—a proceeding often imperiling the workers' very existence.

Now, these are methods ecclesiastical and political. I had supposed the methods which were supported by spiritual law to be the cultivation of a continuous spirit of beneficence toward every human soul, to be shown on every occasion when it was in our power. This would make life in a sunny, cheerful way, one continuous Sabbath, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year.

Observation of the pheonomenal work of Spiritualism has convinced the writer that Jesuitism is so much a habit with those given to its practice, that the matter of slipping off the physical body makes no difference in the spirit's ways and methods; and that everything is done there for the cause of superstition, just as it is here, as far as it lies in the power of its devotee. More than ever the spirit is drawn to earth, and every avenue of communication is watched that, if possible, it may be taken advantage of. As the entire control of the child and its environments till it is 2 years of age, has been proved sufficient to hold it Catholic for life, so, on the same principle, all unfolding mediumistic gifts are early sought, so that these may be monopolized in the interest of ecclesiastical rule. We can judge the tree by its fruits only; and when we are instructed in the church methods used here as to times and seasons, in violation of the well-known laws of Spiritualism given to us very generally through our best developed mediums, we have to stop and ask with Sister Lois." Is this Spiritualism, or is it Jesuitism?

Now, if this set-to-rule soul communion is correct and supported by spiritual law, doubtless some of our good friends who have had experience with it, can fully explain the matter.

One thing more: A man who is said to have lived 2000 years ago, or less, whom Brother Keith thinks much of, in a very intelligent and remarkable way, said, "When thou prayeth, enter into thy closet,' etc. He enjoyed privacy and secrecy in his soul communion, and rebuked the Pharisees, whose performances on the street corners were located as systematically as are the hour, day and meridian in the soul communion table of to-day. Did Jesus err, or was the show on the street corner the correct thing. Do tell us, those who know! H. W. BOOZER.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

First sweet girl—"I understand that a handsome stranger has been calling on you regularly?"

Second sweet girl—"Yes; he's awfully tiresome."

"Tiresome?"

"Yes; he don't do a thing the whole evening but sit on the extreme end of the sofa and talk."

Buffalo, N. Y.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Walter Howell has just closed a [illegible]cessful engagement here.

Edgar W. Emerson gave a very [illegible] parlor entertainment in Buffalo on W[illegible]day evening, at the residence of Le[illegible] Fisher, Esq.

Dr. J. W. Dennis lectures next Sunday evening in our hall. Good luck to him; [illegible] this is the first time this veteran writer [illegible] worker for the cause has ever attempted [illegible] work the platform.

Spiritual matters are in a healthier condition here now than they have been for a long time.

Mr. Wm. Hull, our new presiding officer, is doing well. He is a young man and a worker.

Buffalo Spiritualists have awakened from a lethargy, we hope for a boom.

Walter Howell will be with us again, for March and April next.

Edgar Emerson is engaged for September next. Yours, VIEDEAUX.

January 1, 1888.

Restraints of Social Life.

It is a common supposition that wealth and station bring with them a proportionate freedom of action. The poor long for riches not merely for the sake of the increased comforts and opportunities they offer, but, also, for the blessed privilege which they think they would then enjoy of doing as they please. Something of this is undoubtedly true. Plentiful means take off the grinding necessity of continuous labor in one direction, although often the care and anxiety that are substituted prove as heavy a burden to bear. But in many other points the drifts are in exactly the opposite direction.

The order, dignity, etiquette and ceremony of the wealthy classes impose checks and restraints which would be insupportable to those unaccustomed to them. Probably no family in all England do less as they please than the Royal family. They are bound by innumerable forms, checked by the most absolute laws, and restrained within the narrow limits of court etiquette as to their most trivial acts. Of course, as monarchy declines these restraints become less severe, yet even in our own democratic land they are by no means wanting. Perhaps it is not possible nor advisable that they should ever wholly cease. Wherever order reigns, these checks upon impulse must exist. Even the stated meals and the general decorum of a decent household impose a certain restraint upon all its members, which would not be felt if the loaf was always handy, and nothing intervened between the sense of want and its immediate satisfaction.

At the time when forks were invented, certain protests were made against them, under the plea that "God gave men good meat and they have become too proud to touch it with their fingers," when, no doubt, the real objection to them lay in the trial of patience which the new method imposed, and the delay to the satisfaction of appetite which it caused to the uninitiated. Such simple refinement use has now changed from painful restraint to necessary comfort, but from them up to the complicated etiquette of a Chinese Court, which is said to require years to learn, there is a long series of steps, each placing an additional check upon impulse, and causing an increased delay in the satisfaction of the desires. Every thoughtful person, in whatever rank of life he moves, is conscious of these social restraints in some degree, and those who live in the humblest and simplest manner may find a material compensation for their privations in their freedom from the many restrictions which the style and form of a high station impose.

It becomes, however, a serious question, which we should fairly settle for ourselves, how far it is wise and right to submit to these social checks, and at what point we should resist them. Of course no abstract rules can guide in such a matter. What is troublesome luxury or a needless form in one country or age, is a necessary comfort or a gentle courtesy in another; and different circles and different positions demand a certain degree of conformity to prevalent custom. Yet, with every allowance for these differences, there is still a wide margin for our choice, and every well-informed person will make a thoroughly advised discrimination.

There is a certain defiance of conventional regulations which is simply rude, and subverts social order without any return. To appear in company with negligent att[illegible] omit small tokens of respect, to eat [illegible]ty and uncouth manner, to indu[illegible] habit offensive to the feelings of o[illegible] simply render the offender an [illegible] nuisance and shut him out from th[illegible] which he thus insults.

There is, however, far more danger of the opposite extreme. We are so apt to be dazzled by the glitter of a style of living beyond our own, that we are willing to sacrifice much real comfort, time, money, thought and even principle, to imitate it. In the one matter of dress, for example, it is astonishing to see how gladly many persons will lay down their individuality, their taste, their comfort, their health and their judgment at the shrine of fashion. Others, to satisfy the supposed claims of politeness, will sacrifice sincerity and truth, or, to copy the style in which the wealthy live, they will part with all the domestic freedom and happy simplicity, and, oftimes, with even integrity itself. To gain admission to a coveted circle, or to retain their position in it, some will sacrifice true friendship and good a[illegible]vice, or, to avoid the sneer of an evil companion, they will relinquish their innocence and peace of mind.

All such checks upon our self-respect and [illegible] purity, upon our good sense and comfort, [illegible] on our health and happiness, we should resist with all the power at our command. No social restraints should ever be permitted to bind our sense of duty, to fetter our gener[illegible] impulses, to curtail our domestic joys or [illegible] interfere with physical and mental progr[illegible] On the other hand, those that are purify[illegible] and elevating in their influence, that [illegible] self-hood and curb evil passions, [illegible] should welcome as benefactors, while [illegible] which are simply innocent and harml[illegible] regulations of social custom, we may wi[illegible]ly observe, because they oil the whee[illegible] every-day life and prevent unpleasan[illegible]tion.

It will require all our judgment and dis[illegible]tion wisely to discriminate between t[illegible] various kinds of social restraint, and to [illegible]cide the limits of their authority over u[illegible] the very efforts to do this is in itself a [illegible]portant culture, and will yield good [illegible] strengthening in self principle and [illegible] the character of men and women [illegible]

Happy indeed are those who [illegible] with the world has not chan[illegible] their bodies [illegible] chords of the heart [illegible] melodious, so tender [illegible] evening of their lives.

My Little Men.

Oh dear! What a noise and clatter!
Feet and tongues go patter, spatter!
Do you ask me: "What's the matter?"
'Tis my noisy little men.

This morn at half-past four
(I'm sure 'twas little more),
Bang! went the nursery door,
In came the little men.

"Mamma, we both are here,
Please tell that story, dear,
That fairy story queer,"
Said the teasing little men.

So they climbed upon the bed,
And they tumbled o'er my head,
Till my patience almost fled
With my jolly little men.

But the story then I told,
While my arms must doubly hold
The dear heads of brown and gold,
Of my precious little men.

Then we laugh and talk till light
Sends away the dusky night,
And the golden sun shines bright
On my merry little men.

Then through all the day
I must join the fun and play,
And the quarrels soothe away,
Of my naughty little men.

And I often ask, perplexed,
With my spirit badly vexed,
"Surely what can I do next
For my restless little men?"

But when falls the twilight gray,
And they softly kneel to pray,
O, how earnestly I say,
"God bless my little men."

Loss and Gain.

Be not content, when day is o'er,
Tally loss from life's rich store;
But the gains, however small,
Count them daily, one and all.
Every sweet and gracious word,
Every pleasant truth you've heard,
Every tender glance and tone,
Every kindly deed you've known,
Every duty nobly done,
Every rightful victory won—
Treasure all and count them o'er
As a miser counts his store.

But if bitter word or thought
Have a bitter harvest brought;
If some human hath assailed you,
Or the friend most trusted failed you;
If unkindness and untruth
Have to you brought saddest truth,
Blot the score without delay—
Keep no record of the day.

Keep no record of the care,
Loss and cross we all must bear.
On the page of memory write
Only what is fair and bright,
Let all evil things go by;
Simply joys to multiply.

Thus you'll learn how large a sum
Will with faithful reckoning come,
Long as after cloud and rain
Blessed sunshine comes again,
Long as after winter's gloom
Summer roses bud and bloom,
Long as we have with us here
One sad heart that we may cheer,
Long as love gilds sorrow's cross,
Life's rich gain o'erpays the loss.

* * *

"The Other Shore."

A Remarkable Sermon by Rev. John F. Herrlick, of Grace Church (Protestant Episcopal) of Elmira, N. Y.—Spiritualism Fully Recognized by the Orthodox Pulpit, in a Liberal Discourse from an Unexpected Source.

The following excellent abstract of Rev. John F. Herrlick's sermon is copied from The Elmira *Telegram*. It will attract the attention of Spiritualists on account of its Spiritualism, and of all classes of readers because of its eloquence, comprehensive grasp of the subject, and just views of points which the majority of clergymen treat arbitrarily, with evident unfairness. Mr. Herrlick leaves Elmira in a few days in response to a call from St. Paul's Church, Sacramento, Cal. May all good angels attend him.

And Elisha prayed and said: "Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see." And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha.—2 Kings 6:17.

We live in an age of progress and investigation. The drift of many writers is in a psychological and preternatural direction. Stevenson, Conway, Owen, Russell, Bronte, George Elliott and other writers have set many people thinking. Thinking what? Thinking that "there are more things 'twixt heaven and earth than have been dreamed of in our philosophy;" thinking that there is a vast realm of mental, spiritual and psychological powers and possibilities which lies as yet unknown and unexplored, but within whose boundary lines advanced thinkers have now entered.

Humanity is ever asking the question: "Have we heard from the other side, and what is the proof of it?" "What will be our condition on the other side, and how do you know it?" All through the Old Testament scriptures we read of the nearness of the spiritual realm to the material; that they are not lying leagues and leagues apart, but that they border and touch upon each other; but does not the communication, the contact, continue in this present day? Yes, if it ever did! and let us not be deterred in examining or investigating this subject because a great Bible fact and a sweet, holy consolation has been perverted by some for deceit and money. The mere fact that you and myself do not see a thing does not prove that it has no existence. The mere fact that you and myself do not hear a thing does not prove that it may not be heard. The mere fact that you and myself do not feel a thing does not prove that it may not be felt. The mere fact that you and myself do not understand a thing does not prove it beyond the grasp and comprehension of others more spiritually refined or strangely gifted. But some say these strange and unusual things are against the laws of nature. But by what warrant does any one assume to determine what the laws of nature permit or do not permit? Does any one presume to know it all, or has God revealed to any cold, ungifted materialist the whole range of mental and spiritual powers and possibilities? What mean those occasional instincts, intuitions and flashes of wonderful capabilities, unless to show that the soul and spirit now are only in their budding infancy? There may be sounds, sights, existences all about us, which, for want of power to see, or hear, or feel, may go unseen and undiscovered by our ordinary senses.

We may walk through some fair garden at midnight with the lilies and carnations, the azalias and roses all about us, but unseen and unrecognized on account of the darkness, and only when here and there a whiter bloom gleams out, and sweet, faint odors from unseen sources steal through the dewy stillness, do we feel and know that we are in the garden amid the shrubs and flowers. Now, shall we doubt the existence of the flowers because we cannot see them? So too, we may sit on some hillside with the glorious landscape spread all around, yet owing to the dark pall of night thrown over hill and valley we can see nothing of nature's wide-spreading loveliness. But it is all there just as real and existent as though a summer's sun were pouring his beams down upon it. The mere fact of conditions being such that we do not see or feel a thing does not militate against its reality or existence. You wake up of a summer's morning and the air is filled with mist and fog and the whole atmosphere about you is distinctly visible. You can see but a little distance through it. But in a short hour it is all gone; everything is clear, and all has become visible! Has anything been lost—is anything gone? No. Only a change of atmospheric conditions! What before was visible, by contact with heat, by attenuation, has become invisible. So all through the material world invisibility does not prove non-existence. The word of God speaks of many things about which we doubt and waver simply because, in our intellectual and spiritual feebleness, we cannot comprehend them. We may lay it down as a fixed fact that in moral, spiritual and intellectual things, that which has taken place in the past is possible in the present and future. All through the scriptures we read of angels and ministering spirits. "Are they not ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them that are heirs of salvation?" In our text we have a scene which has its analogy in the illustration of the garden or landscape obscured by the midnight. If the tourist wait till the darkness has been lifted the grand scene will spread before him. It is there just as grand and as real as it will be when the sun is in his meridian splendor, but conditions are such that we cannot see it. So it was not until the Lord had opened the young man's eyes to see spiritual things, that he saw the horses and chariots of fire round about him! They were there, but the physical eyes could not see them. So too, there are many things. Yes, the grandest and best things in God's great universe are those which now we cannot see.

We cannot see the human spirit with its powers of love and hate—of thought and sympathy, only as it plays upon the face and features. But who ever doubted its existence or separate identity from the human body? The mind now reigns in the material body. It controls matter by will power and is conscious in itself of its separateness and superiority over inanimate matter. The human being, unlike the brute, sees intuitively beyond sense and recognizes the unknown with the seen and known, predicts and indicates, and so he lives in the enjoyment of that which he expects and looks for as well as the things which come to him in the present time. This is reason, instinct, intuition, to feel and to realize what is and what may be from what we now see and experience and to know the future and the hidden by the analogies and intimations of the present. Had we not the power to perceive truths and facts beyond the sphere of our senses we would be little better off than the brutes that perish. And the fact that man reasons and infers beyond material things is itself proof positive that his mind is not material nor a merely material production. By a reasoning process we get a glimpse of all the reconciling possibilities which we so much need to explain to us our present mysterious and often incongruous existence—the apparent inequalities and inconsistencies with divine love, wisdom and justice. What we know not now we may know hereafter. Facts present are intimations of facts in the future—reason and intelligence predict what the love and wisdom and justice of God must work out for us in a realm beyond this. Existence must run on a line of the higher analogies of life and every just expectation fairly founded on present experience is in the nature of a true prophecy, being in harmony with those laws by which all things are wisely ordered. Everything demonstrates that the soul possesses some powers and endowments which the senses could not confer upon us. Our senses are constituted for this world and we are to enjoy it. But our undeveloped spirits are constituted for a still higher realm of existence and achievment and if our very natures are not false in themselves we must in all fairness realize those promises and expectations God has placed within us, just as instinct and intuition were not placed by the creator in birds, insects and animals to mislead, but to direct and guide them! God would not deceive, therefore there must exist the things predicted! Reason and aspiration prophesy the future and the prophesy must be a true one! "We now see through a glass darkly"—the mist and the darkness shut off from sense and vision a myriad things ultimately to be revealed to us. Do we come in contact with a spiritual realm of realities and existences? Let us for a moment speak of some of the discoveries which demonstrate that even in the material world of sight and sound and hearing, there is a vast realm which lies beyond the range of our present senses. We need not dwell upon the modern discoveries in the telephone, the microphone, the microscope and telescope, which reveal to us how we are narrowed down even in our physical senses, and that is only because of our limited faculties that we do not see and hear and know vastly more of what lies about us. And if this be so in regard to the material world, is it not even more true of the intellectual and spiritual? Who does not feel at times the pressure of narrowness and limitation? Who does not feel that they are not all they could be? Who does not feel powers and possibilities struggling for growth and expansion? In everything of a mental or spiritual nature, whether it be in regard to civilization or the individual's growth and progress, time enters in as an essential element. God bestows this higher knowledge just as the race or individual is fitted and prepared to receive it. The world has been advancing through its various grades and stages upward, and God has dealt with humanity just as the wise schoolmaster deals with his scholars. He has promoted it according to its fitness and attainments and now, in this age, the best scholars are advanced to the highest grade—the last class—the preternatural and spiritual. Do we come in contact with the spiritual realm? My friends, this may be a utilitarian age, and, although we may seek the positive and material, yet "Man does not live by bread alone." He lives to improve and develop as much as to exist. In fact, his intellectual and spiritual development is his only real and true existence. That which brings home to our consciousness the greatness and vastness of God's realm of life and nature, even though we see it not all with our eyes, nor hear it with our ears, nor touch it with our hands, is something more than mere impractical theory. Who does not realize that there is vastly more in God's great universe than that which we see in the dust and matter about us? Do you ask what is the use, the benefit of these higher and deeper thoughts and investigations? I say this life is not our true and real abiding place, and though during our tenancy of a few years it behooves us to use our best energies in the cause of our earthly welfare and happiness and the interests of those dear and near to us, yet if our permanent dwelling place is soon to be established elsewhere and if, as the years go, our affections are stealing thither before us, and if the home circle is gradually dissolving here to be re-established in another region, shall we regard it as a matter of mere idle curiosity to endeavor to ascertain whether knowledge of and contact with that spiritual realm is permitted us now before we reach it? With many homes the majority are already on the other side! Is it idle and irreverent to hope and dwell upon its blessed realities and precious intimates? Is it weak and foolish to dwell upon visions and memories of our sainted loved ones? No, my friends, such hopes, such thoughts come from our highest and holiest longings and impulses!

The word of God teaches and reteaches the contact and intervention of that spiritual realm with this world! The Bible gives instance after instance that have come to those more preternaturally and spiritually gifted and nowhere does it say that henceforth they were to cease forever.

And why should we suppose that there is less interest in heaven for this earth now than in the days of the apostles or patriarchs? We have the inspired record of the return of five persons from that other realm of existence to this one. The Prophet Samuel to Saul, king of Israel, Elijah and Moses and Christ on Tabor. Our Lord himself after his resurrection and the Apostle Paul after being caught up into the third heaven! The gospels declare that after the crucifixion that "Many bodies of the saints which slept arose and came out of the graves after his resurrection and appeared unto many." And in the Old Testament scriptures angelic visitations were many and frequent. All the great poets and writers mention such occurrences. Milton says: "Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake!"

"Why come not spirits from the realms of glory,
To visit earth, as in the days of old,
The times of ancient writ and sacred story,—
Is heaven more distant, or has earth grown cold?"

Nay, is not this truth an essential element of our religious faith? Is that cold, practical skepticism of those who are morally and spiritually unfitted and unable to grasp or perceive spiritual and intellectual things of this high order, who say that these things which are glorious and possible to finer and more gifted natures, are incredible or impossible! Is it so that there are ministering spirits sent forth to do heaven's errands of goodness, love, tenderness, persuasion and influence? They come, they go. We cannot tell whence they come nor whither they go! But they enter the silent chamber where some loved one is slowly breathing life away and await with folded wings the departing spirit, and at times we can almost feel their presence! Nay, may not the fact of their presence, discovered to eyes that the nearness of death has given the beginning of a power to see spiritual existences, be due that radiant expression which light up many a dying face as the curtain of life is falling upon time and rising upon eternity? "There is joy among the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth," said our blessed savior; was that stirring utterance only a pretty figure of speech with no objective reality? No—careless of the empty events that agitate worldly society; intent on other strifes than money, position and earthly projects; and with thoughts fixed on a kingdom and existence which must endure forever, they rejoice in every accession which that kingdom receives, and in the rank and condition which a death-born soul will enter upon within it! In the lowest, poorest wretch who cries out in his sorrow and regret, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" or in the coming of a prince or leader who has loved his lord and served his fellow men! Make all the allowance you can for figurative language and poetical allegory, yet there remains vast, calm and not to be mistaken, the firm faith of thousands, proved by a strange and undefinable experience, by the testimony of the holy scripture, the fact of the reality and influence of the world of spirit and spirits upon our lives and actions—contact with that other realm of existence and the wonderful and preternatural powers with which some are gifted! We may not be able to explain modes and processes, but we are left to find our way along that mysterious path by the light of reason, analogy, and by the testimony of thousands who have had a deeper knowledge and a higher experience! That light may be, as yet, obscure and dim, but it will come more clearly as we are fitted and prepared to receive it. If the world has arrived at that point where it is crying for more light, higher and clearer disclosures of what the soul is and will be, so that faith and hope may have a more certain and tangible basis to rest upon, I believe that God will bestow it upon us! The light may now be imperfect and the disclosures and revelations insufficient to satisfy a doubting and skeptical curiosity, whose very lack of faith and spirituality unfits it for these higher gifts and revelations, but it must shortly come to those more advanced and spiritual thinkers. In the dimness of this present life we may not have the full light, but there will be flashes and intimations clear and unmistakable! We may be destined to wait "till the dawn breaks and the shadows flee" for the clear, glorious sunshine, but we believe that that which we now see and meet on this borderland—in this twilight existence—these strange intimations and flashes—only foreshadow and predict the glories and marvels which await God's children in his kingdom beyond this. The gleams and odors we catch now, but then, with spiritual eyes, in the clear sunlight of that other realm, we will behold the full-blown buds and flowers now obscured by the darkness. For then, in God's spiritual paradise, a new light and new spiritual eyes will reveal them to us, and instincts and intuitions; yes, and new powers and senses which now lie latent and undeveloped, will spring into life and reveal them to us. Yes, there are many things which I do not see but which I know have an existence. No one has ever seen the spirit of one with whom he has ever been in daily contact. He has only seen the face upon which the spirit beams or reflects itself. We may not be able to see with material eyes these angelic visitants, but are there not times when we feel the near presence of our sainted loved ones? Why may they not hover near us in our lonely walks and in our meditative and solemn moments? Do we not at times feel them near when the lengthy shadows hallow and sanctify the eventide? Do we not feel them near in moments of impending danger or when affliction and sorrow, like a dark pall enshroud us? Who can say that at such times there is not an objective reality to the strange consciousness of some near contact with a living presence? Who can positively say that angelic existences of our departed loved ones may not revisit this earth and make themselves known to feeling, to instinct, to impression, and in some of our higher and exalted moods even to an illumined material vision? It has been so in the past; who can say it may not be so in the present and in the future?

Springfield, Ill.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

The Spiritualists of our beautiful capitol city have been up and doing during the close of the old year, and have had the services of that grand lecturer and inspirational speaker, Dr. J. K. Bailey, of Scranton, Penn., who gave us a course of six lectures; which, without doubt, were the best ever given in our city. The doctor's lectures are very deep, but [illegible] is particular to explain everything so [illegible]tly that a child cannot help but un[illegible] them. Our hall has been well filled, alth[illegible] weather has been very cold and we [illegible]ough a terrible snow storm. Since the [illegible] has been here, strangers to our cau[illegible] asked to [illegible] helped to investigate. The [illegible] goes hence to Lafayette, and then East on an extended trip. We have made arrangements to enjoy his services on his return to these parts. The society is doing good work and our meetings are very interesting. I am instructed by the members of our society to extend Dr. Bailey their sincere thanks for the great good he did while with us. Wishing you all a Happy New Year, I remain yours for the cause, F. G. SCHNITT.

JANUARY 1, 1888.

C. E. Watkins.

Some Manifestations of his Wonderful Power as a Medium—Will some Scientist Explain?

Hearing from a friend that a spirit medium had recently come to the Hub from the roaring wilds of Michigan, who was by spirit power or by sleight-of-hand outdoing the famed Kellar or Herman, I asked: "Can he equal Slade, Bishop, Montague, or the once famous Foster?"

"Oh," he replied, "I tell you he can knock Slade and Foster out the first round, and as for Bishop or Montague, he can do them up before he starts. On my soul," exclaimed my excited friend, "he summons the spirits from the vasty deep by dozens. I have just had a sitting with him. Why, sir, I got a long communication from my brother in his own handwriting; also one from my mother and our old preacher. These communications were written between two slates which I held while the writing was being done."

Satisfied that my friend was off his base, or that he was the victim of a trick, I noted down carefully the name and address and proceeded directly to the place for the purpose of investigating the spirit claim, or exposing, what I have frequently done, a trickster.

In twenty minutes I was at 109 Falmouth street, an apartment house just off Chester Park, near Huntington avenue. I touched the electric button. The door was opened. I ascended one flight; was met at the door by a little boy, who having but one eye, looked like he might see like a spirit out of the other.

"Is this where Mr. Watkins lives?" I asked. "Yes," was the reply. "I mean C. E. Watkins." "Yes." "Is he in?" "Yes." "Can I see him?" "Yes."

I was ushered into the reception room. In a few minutes Mr. Watkins entered. I was surprised at seeing such a fine looking man, a man of fine brain, pleasing manners, an honest face, and seemingly well educated, and, as I have since learned, a cousin of the novelist, Howells.

"Are you the medium who gives sittings for independent slate writings?" "I am," was the prompt reply. "Can I have one?" "You can."

At this I produced four slates.

"You can write the names of several of your departed friends on a slip of paper, and ask each one a question; then fold the slips into little balls. I will return in a few minutes."

I wrote the names of nine different persons who were dead, asking each one a question, rolled each slip, which contained a name and question, into a fine ball, and when done I could not tell which was which. I had read the report of the Seybert Commission, how they claimed that the slate writing was done by the medium with his feet, and I prepared myself for the trick. In a few moments Mr. Watkins entered.

"Point your pencil towards the little paper balls," he said.

I did so, he standing off three or four feet from me.

"Pick up that one," he said, "it contains the name of a lady; her name is (I will give the initials only, E. G.; she says her middle name is C., which you have forgotten, but, as you were an old lover, you can look at some of her letters which are in your vault of the Safety Deposit Vaults of this city, if you do not already remember. She also says, the last time she saw you was at Trenton, N. J., and you promised—"

"Hold on," I said, "don't you give secrets out of school."

"This spirit says," continued Mr. Watkins, "if you will take up two of the slates she will write you a communication between them without nobody touching them but yourself; that your father, who died in Chester, Penn., four years ago, will also write a communication."

I picked up the slates and instantly heard something writing between them. In less than half a minute the writing ceased and there were two communications filling both sides of the slate, one in the handwriting of the young lady, and the other in the exact handwriting of my father.

"Take up the other slates," he said, and in less than a minute in the same way I got three different communications, and one from my little girl who had been dead nearly a year, written in her broken writing, and talking just like she did.

"Look on the other side of the slate," said the medium.

I did, and there was a perfect picture of my little girl, wearing the winter hood she wore the last time she was upon the street.

"This picture work of the spirits," Mr. Watkins said, "seldom occurred."

All the rest of my questions were then answered, so thoroughly astounded and almost paralyzed was I that I left without expressing myself to the medium. In just one hour I was back with our old Judge and a brother lawyer. The same performance of writing names being over, the Judge said:

"Now, Mr. Medium, trot out your spirits if you have got any. I bet you $100 you can't get any writing between these slates, if you keep your own fingers off of them."

"Take your slates," said the medium, "into the other room, and sit down on them."

This the Judge, though inclined to be fat, did in a most simple manner.

"Now get up," said the medium, "and open your slates."

He did so, and there were two full communications filling both sides of the slates, and signed, the one from a prominent lawyer, the other from a book publisher, both well known in Boston, and only dead about two and five years ago. The hand-writing was exactly their handwriting.

Over forty persons have examined these communications, and pronounce the writing and signatures genuine. Mr. Watkins is busy all the time with those seeking an interview with their friends from the vast unknown. His charges are $5, $3 and $10, according to the length and character of the sitting. I have had seven sittings, each one being more wonderful than the preceding one. I have only given an outline of a few things which occurred. If this is not done by spirit power, will some of the wise men and scientists of Boston explain how it is done?—Boston Globe.

The love of the beautiful is inherent in the nature of every human being, and this love should be cultivated and cherished as one of our most valued and priceless possessions. The more we strive after and long for beauty, the happier we shall become and the better able we shall be to appreciate all the loveliness that is scattered over the earth by the generous and lavish hand of good old Mother Nature.—[Mrs. E. D. Brooker.

"Not Strangers There."

To whom would heaven's doors so freely open
As to a little child,
Who stands with timid feet upon its threshold,
Lovely and undefiled.

And such a one, of late, was lowly lying,
With fast receding breath;
Over her face the first, last shadow falling—
She was afraid of death!

Her loved ones said, "Oh, do not fear to enter
That land so bright and fair."
To all their words of cheer she could but answer,
"I do not know them there."

But, even as she spoke, her hands were lifted
In sudden, sweet surprise,
And the reflection of some dawning splendor
Illumed her wondering eyes.

No longer clinging to her tender watchers,
And darkened by their woe,
She looked as if she saw some loved one beckon,
And was in haste to go.

What she beheld we saw not, and her rapture
Our hearts not yet might share,
But with a last, bright smile she whispered gladly,
"They are no strangers there."
—(Francis L. Mace.

Wants to Know.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

It has always been my notion to look into new things. When my interest began in Spiritualism, about thirty-five years ago, I went right at it to prove it a hollow mockery—and failed. So in later times, when metaphysics and theosophy came up, I found out all I could about mind cure, mental science, christian science, faith cure, white and black magic, the doctrine of elementals, and all the East Indian super-naturalism of a far away past revived. I did not find among them all an idea or a truth that would stand the test of reason, or that was on a basis of fact, but had been first given through our best developed mediums. So that I haven't deemed it wise to switch off from Spiritualism to make ado over that which has been stolen from it, in many cases by those who have been too dishonest to tell where they first obtained the wares whose excellence they now cry aloud in the high places; and which I would be the last to depreciate, because of their falling into such hands, or into those of many honest practitioners who have in turn received these wares from them.

Following the old habit of inquiry, I want to know about this "Soul Communion." Many of your able and sincere correspondents are evidently heart and soul interested in this work; and having myself failed to give it the same appreciation as they, it must be that there is something about it which I have not as yet learned; but which, of course, they can tell. So I write you this for information.

I had supposed from what I had learned of the advanced minds who have gone before us, that the great law of spontaneity was the basis upon which to build things spiritual. That is, if we desired to commune with our dear ones, or with those on the spirit side of life, who have grown beyond us in wisdom and goodness, and were, therefore, by reason of this growth our natural teachers, that at such times and seasons only as our hearts went up strongly in affection to our unseen loved ones, or when we aspired for light, because of our deeply sensed needs—that this was when we should seek this communion; and that this endeavor should be by ourselves, and not in public; for the reason that publicity attracts the minds of those who make obstacles to this work—the aspiration being one between the spirit performers and the person operated on, and easily affected by the will power of any one in the form, but the most so when such a person assumes a state of antagonism.

We know that ecclesiasticism teaches a very different doctrine. On one day of each week, at a terrible noise of clanging bell-metal, the people go to buildings, made for this purpose, and there go through a formula which is quite likely to make them believe they thus accomplish an important duty; and we also know that people take a literal view of this Sunday business, plying their arts industriously six days of the week in scalping their fellows, while they with the same industry keep up the regular Sunday routine.

We see, too, the same results in the observance of Thanksgiving and Christmas—how the conscience is eased from a life of every day selfishness and greed by a spasm of ostentatious benevolence. The employer, who year by year banks his wealth from labor, at starvation wages, which deprives the worker of life's common comforts, gets his name in the papers as the large-hearted man who gives a turkey to each employe on this one of three hundred and sixty-five days; while the stubborn fact remains that the holiday craze is the means of a great amount of misery and suffering to the poorer classes, and is also too often a lying excuse for the non-payment of honestly earned dues—a proceeding often imperiling the workers' very existence.

Now, these are methods ecclesiastical and political. I had supposed the methods which were supported by spiritual law to be the cultivation of a continuous spirit of beneficence toward every human soul, to be shown on every occasion when it was in our power. This would make life in a sunny, cheerful way, one continuous Sabbath, Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year.

Observation of the phenomenal work of Spiritualism has convinced the writer that Jesuitism has so much a habit with those given to its practice, that the matter of a-lopping off the physical body makes no difference in the spirit's ways and methods; and that everything is done there for the cause of an organization, just as it is here, as far as it lies in the power of its devotee. More than ever the spirit is drawn to earth, and every avenue of communication is watched that, if possible, it may be taken advantage of. As the entire control of the child and its environments till it is 2 years of age, has been proved sufficient to hold it Catholic for life, so, on the same principle, all unfolding mediumistic gifts are early sought, so that these may be monopolized in the interest of ecclesiastical rule. We can judge the tree by its fruits only; and when we are instructed in the church methods used here as to times and seasons, in violation of the well-known laws of Spiritualism given to us very generally through our best developed mediums, we have to stop and ask with Sister Lois," Is this Spiritualism, or is it Jesuitism?

Now, if this set-to-rule soul communion is correct and supported by spiritual law, doubtless some of our good friends who have had experience with it, can fully explain the matter.

One thing more: A man who is said to have lived 2000 years ago, or less, whom Brother Keith thinks much of, in a very intelligent and remarkable way, said, "When thou prayeth, enter into thy closet," etc. He enjoyed privacy and secrecy in his soul communion, and blamed the Pharisees, whose performances on the street corners were located as systematically as are the hour, day and meridian in the soul communion table of to-day. Did Jesus err, or was the show on the street corner the correct thing. Do tell us, those who know!

H. W. BOOKER.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

First sweet girl—"I understand that a handsome stranger has been calling on you regularly?"

Second sweet girl—"Yes; he's awfully tiresome."

"Tiresome?"

"Yes; he don't do a thing the whole evening but sit on the extreme end of the sofa and talk."

Buffalo, N. Y.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Walter Howell has just closed a successful engagement here.

Edgar W. Emerson gave a very [illegible] parlor entertainment in Buffalo on W[illegible]day evening, at the residence of [illegible] Fisher, Esq.

Dr. J. W. Dennis lectures next Sunday evening in our hall. Good luck to him; f[illegible] this is the first time this veteran writer and worker for the cause has ever attempted to work the platform.

Spiritual matters are in a healthier condition here now than they have been for a long time.

Mr. Wm. Hull, our new presiding officer, is doing well. He is a young man and a worker.

Buffalo Spiritualists have awakened from a lethargy, we hope for a boom.

Walter Howell will be with us again, for March and April next.

Edgar Emerson is engaged for September next. Yours, VIDERAGS.

January 1, 1888.

Restraints of Social Life.

It is a common supposition that wealth and station bring with them a proportionate freedom of action. The poor long for riches not merely for the sake of the increased comforts and opportunities they offer, but, also, for the blessed privilege which they think they would then enjoy of doing as they please. Something of this is undoubtedly true. Plentiful means take off the grinding necessity of continuous labor in one direction, although often the care and anxiety that are substituted prove as heavy a burden to bear. But in many other points the drifts are in exactly the opposite direction.

The order, dignity, etiquette and ceremony of the wealthy classes impose checks and restraints which would be insupportable to those unaccustomed to them. Probably no family in all England do less as they please than the Royal family. They are bound by innumerable forms, checked by the most absolute laws, and restrained within the narrow limits of court etiquette as to their most trivial acts. Of course, as monarchy declines these restraints become less severe, yet even in our own democratic land they are by no means wanting. Perhaps it is not possible nor advisable that they should ever wholly cease. Wherever order reigns, these checks upon impulse must exist. Even the stated meals and the general decorum of a decent household impose a certain restraint upon all its members, which would not be felt if the loaf was always handy, and nothing intervened between the sense of want and its immediate satisfaction.

At the time when forks were invented, certain protests were made against them, under the plea that "God gave man good meat and they have become too proud to touch it with their fingers," when, no doubt, the real objection to them lay in the trial of patience which the new method imposed, and the delay to the satisfaction of appetite which it caused to the uninitiated. Such simple refinement use has now changed from painful restraint to necessary comfort, but from them up to the complicated etiquette of a Chinese Court, which is said to require years to learn, there is a long series of steps, each placing an additional check upon impulse, and causing an increased delay in the satisfaction of the desires. Every thoughtful person, in whatever rank of life he moves, is conscious of these social restraints in some degree, and those who live in the humblest and simplest manner may find a material compensation for their privations in their freedom from the many restrictions which the style and form of a high station impose.

It becomes, however, a serious question, which we should fairly settle for ourselves, how far it is wise and right to submit to these social checks, and at what point we should resist them. Of course no abstract rules can guide in such a matter. What is troublesome luxury or a needless form in one country or age, is a necessary comfort or a gentle courtesy in another; and different circles and different positions demand a certain degree of conformity to prevalent custom. Yet, with every allowance for these differences, there is still a wide margin for our choice, and every well informed person will make a thoroughly advised discrimination.

There is a certain defiance of conventional regulations which is simply rude, and subverts social order without any return. To appear in company with negligent att[illegible] omit small tokens of respect, to [illegible]ly and uncouth manner, to in[illegible] habit offensive to the feelings of [illegible] simply render the offender an [illegible] nuisance and shut him out from the [illegible] which he thus insults.

There is, however, far more danger of the opposite extreme. We are so apt to be dazzled by the glitter of a style of living beyond our own, that we are willing to sacrifice much real comfort, time, money, thought and even principle, to imitate it. In the one matter of dress, for example, it is astonishing to see how gladly many persons will lay down their individuality, their taste, their comfort, their health and their judgment at the shrine of fashion. Others, to satisfy the supposed claims of politeness, will sacrifice sincerity and truth, or, to copy the style in which the wealthy live, they will part with all the domestic freedom and happy simplicity, and, oftimes, with even integrity itself. To gain admission to a coveted circle, or to retain their position in it, some will sacrifice true friendship and good advice, or, to avoid the sneer of an evil companion, they will relinquish their innocence and peace of mind.

All such checks upon our self-respect and purity, upon our good sense and comfort, upon our health and happiness, we should resist with all the power at our command. No social restraints should ever be permitted to bind our sense of duty, to fetter our generous impulses, to curtail our domestic joys or to interfere with physical and mental progress. On the other hand, those that are purifying and elevating in their influence, that [illegible] well-bound and curb evil passions, we should welcome as benefactors, while those which are simply irrelevant and hurtful regulations of social custom, we may wi[illegible]ly observe, because they oil the wheels of every-day life and prevent unpleasant friction.

It will require all our judgment and discretion wisely to discriminate between the various kinds of social restraint, and to decide the limit of their authority over us. In the very effort to do this is in itself [illegible] portant culture, and will yield good [illegible] strengthening mental principle and [illegible] the character of men and women [illegible]

Happy indeed are those who[illegible] with the world has not chang[illegible] their better feelings, or broken [illegible] chords of the heart, whose music [illegible] melodious, the louder, and so [illegible] evening of their lives.

BETTER WAY.

The Way Publishing Company
Every Saturday.

ARNEY, ...EDITOR
Assisted by a Corps of able Writers.

CINCINNATI, ...JANUARY 7, 1888.

Two Dollars per Year to Subscribers in the United States; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents to any Foreign Country. No subscription entered till paid for, but sample copies will be sent to any address on application.

The largest audiences of the season thronged Grand Army Hall last Sunday morning and evening. The attendance will probably be even larger to-morrow morning and evening, and those who wish for good seats will be disappointed if they do not go early.

The drift of current investigation is constantly in the interest of a better emancipation of the mental and moral, and it seems to have been found that in perfect liberalization consists the true salvation of humanity. We are going toward this result with ten-fold rapidity, and satisfaction increased by ten thousand fold, than ever before.

"The Pursuit of Truth," "Occultism Defined," "Psychic Phenomena," "The Star-Dust of the Universe," are the leading articles in Buchanan's Journal of Man for the current month. Other articles of great interest accompany these and make an attractive collection for the scientist, the investigator and general reader. One dollar per year; single copies, ten cents.

It may look sniptious and heroic to attack mediums indiscriminately, but who wants to be a lordly grandee and a conquering hero all the time? And then, why not give the poor mediums a chance once in a while? Even the most ordinary crank ought to have "a little show for his white alley," but, according to the *File-Us-Off*, there is no peace for him in Chicago or any of the adjoining region. A thought strikes us: Is the crank not becoming quite numerous enough to conquer a peace?

Speakers upon the spiritual rostrum should carefully avoid the too common fault of darkening counsel by words without knowledge. That is, they should adapt themselves to the ordinary comprehension and call a spade a spade, instead of an implement for making apertures in the earth for the insertion of fence supporters. The simpler the language the more powerful the appeal to the popular intellect, and this rule works well in every department of intellectual and reformatory effort.

The RIPJ *File-Us-Off* continues to be "pure," "courageous," *et cetera*, by attacking obscure and helpless mediums, and giving them a first class turning over. True, it does this without information, and upon the slightest hint that they, the poor mediums, have no friends, but an unfriended medium is certainly a legitimate object of attack by a great military and chivalrous editor, and so the good work goes bravely on. And many first-class Spiritualists give it substantial encouragement. Why not?

A correspondent, apparently intelligent and eager for information, asks us how many religions there has been in the world. We cannot answer; but we have positive knowledge of more than one thousand diverse creeds which have professed to be religions, and some of them were anything else. Many salient features of all are found in the popular theology of the present day, and we would not look [illegible] for other features in the same place [illegible] it not that scandal and abuse have [illegible] them unpopular with people who [illegible] for themselves. Some of these will be described at an early day in the columns of this journal.

Reverend Mr. Herrlisch's sermon on "The Other Shore," in the current issue of The Better Way, will striks some good acerdotalists with surprise, and yet it ught not, for it is a sign of the times hich everybody should have anticipated ould assuredly make itself manifest bout these days." The Church has no ource but Spiritualism, and its best in- [illegible] ed clergy see this fact and are getting [illegible] ly to act upon it. A majority of these [illegible] thy leaders will act cautiously, but not effectively on this account, and some [illegible] nodify their spiritual declarations to [illegible] uch greater degree than has Brother [illegible] rrlisch; but the conclusion is inevitable [illegible] they must spiritualize their organiza- [illegible] , or soon witness their destruction. [illegible] Church has been of great benefit to [illegible] nity, but its usefulness is on the [illegible] , and it has no power which does not [illegible] e acceptance of the situation. Let [illegible] pt gracefully, and as promptly as [illegible]

ORTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

[illegible] ecided to hold anniversary exer- [illegible] y the Spiritualists of Cincinnati [illegible] ring, and to have a real good time in [illegible] of three or four days, at Grand [illegible] Hall. Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brig- [illegible] Miss Jennie B. Hagan and Mr. Geo. [illegible] y will be among the speakers. Mr. [illegible] ill also officiate as platform tes [illegible] and other mediums will doubtless [illegible] d. There is a suggestion that [illegible] alley Association of Spiritual- [illegible] ed at the same time, which is [illegible] t idea and ought to be acted up- [illegible] y.

This is Vol. 2, No. 1, of The Better Way, which gives its subscribers two volumes per year instead of one, thus taking the lead in apparent bulk if not in actual quantity of spiritual literature furnished.

MEDICAL EMPIRICISM.

There can be no monopoly in science. It is true that the scientific inventor may be protected by letters patent; but he cannot prevent everybody from buying and utilizing the result of his skill and learning, provided it is open to public use. No invention can be of great value to the world unless it is open to general utilization, like the steam engine, the electric telegraph and telephone.

But there are attempts at monopoly in one branch of science which, of all others, should be free. It is the science of medicine, or the art of healing by whatever name it may be designated. Those who have graduated at a medical college and can show a diploma act as though they were special healers by the grace of God as well as according to law, when in fact many of this class are the most bungling dabsters imaginable, ignorant, awkward, uncouth, and without the remotest conception of the holy mission of the real physician. On the other hand, there are natural healers who never saw the inside of an institution of learning, who scorn diplomas and calomel and blisters and the use of the lancet, yet they cure.

What is the result which the good physician strives for? Not to keep his patient sick and run up a monster account? Surely not. If he is worthy of his high office his only thought is to cure as rapidly as possible. Cure is what the patient longs for. What difference does it make then whether he is cured according to the formulas of the books, by faith, or by the laying on of hands? Or by any other method?

Yet in half the States of the Union there is every year or two an attempt to procure legislation to prevent sick people from recovering their health, except through one process, and this the oldest and most tedious known to the art of healing, and of course the most expensive. It is the process taught in the schools, tedious, laborious, unprogreesive and full of failure. Its advancement was nothing worth recording for near two thousand years, and it is now a question whether any positive advancement has been made in the real old brass mounted medical practice since the days of Escalapius.

The world needs something better, and it will have it at some rate. It is getting it in its magnetic healers, its faith cures, its mis-named Christian Science, and in the whole catalogue of eclectic ministers to the ills which flesh is heir to. But these are the advance guard of the movement which the "regulars" condemn, and against which they seek to invoke the protection of special laws, to the end that the mysteries of medicine may not be simplified and become familar to the people. Like the ecclesiasts, they seek to promote ignorance in their fellow men.

But the day of ignorance is passing away. Men are inquiring into the best means to improve themselves physically as well as morally, and they will continue to inquire. This movement breaks the power of the monopolist of knowledge, and the law, whose source is the people, will be slow to step in for its re-assertion. Every law made to impede the general diffusion of knowledge will become a dead letter at the date of its enactment. This has not always been true, but it must be yet truer than ever in the light of this agé of free inquiry.

In this connection we are reminded of the malignity of the old school of doctors against women physicians, and yet some of the best physicians in the world are women. One in the city of New York enjoys an income of $40,000 per year, and several in the same city are almost as successful. It is the same in all the large cities. In Cincinnati we have many excellent women physicians, and they are numerous in the eclectic practice. We know of a firm of two ladies in this practice, in Cincinnati, constantly busy, with parlors thronged from early morning till late at night by health seekers, and their earnings exceed $20,000 per year. They earn every dollar of it, and more, for much of their practice is among those who cannot pay, but service is as freely and carefully rendered tor these as for the wealthiest class of patients. We refer specifically to the firm of T. J Spenrer & Co., not for invidious comparison, but to enforce what precedes by the exhibition of a brilliant example. Other lady practioners in the Queen City are equally eminent, but none are more devoted to their profession.

The ladies composing the firm mentioned are graduates of a Philadelphia medical college, but they even thought it advisable to pursue their studies still further, and are graduates of a Cincinnati college as well. We are not attempting to advertise them, for they want no more local trade, but it may as well be said, now we have gone so far, that they manufacture specifics for certain female disorders, which are selling in all parts of the world, and they also put up medicines which are remedies in even a broader sense, which are known and approved of all who have used them. For the crime of sending out circulars which detail the virtues of these specifics, their compounders were last summer most vilely attacked by a newspaper in Louisville, and the howl was echoed by a newspaper in Covington, but no attempt was made to answer either, for the simple reason, as we understand it, that their trade is too well established to be harmed by untruths, or by the persecutions of medical bigots whose principal title to the name of physician is conferred by a diploma. They have given their lives to a noble work, and every generous mind will recognize them as philantropists in the true sense of the term.

HOWELL AND EMERSON.

The eclecticism of the spiritual platform is well illustrated by the abrupt contrast between the treatment by Mrs. Hyzer and Mr. Howell of its current themes of discussion. While both aim at the same grand result, and employ means which to each seems best adapted to the purpose in view, their standpoints are only within hailing distance of each other, although equally accessible by the world at large. Mrs. Hyzer stands upon the defensive; Mr. Howell attacks with vigor and stands ready to carry the war even into Africa, if found advisable. Mrs. Hyzer is persuasive; Mr. Howell is essentially combative, and, were this a critique, we might say "loud." His voice reaches farther than that of any modern orator who has occupied the rostrum of the Union Society, and he is most positively in earnest when he lets it loose upon the people.

On Sunday morning he considered "Spiritualism as a Science and a Religion."

"It is now forty years since the occult rappings at Hydesville first turned the thought of the age into a strange and unfamiliar channel," said he, "and we have recognized in the phenomena since resulting enough to prove the fact of direct communication with the denizens of another world. We recognize in these phenomena a new foundation for the laboratory of the chemist; a new outlook for esthetic investigation and culture; a new field for the student in his divinations into the arcana of nature.

"Spiritualism *per se* is not by any means modern, but its ability to cope with the bigotry of sectarianism on the one hand, and the chilling onslaughts of materialism on the other, was reserved for development under the better enlightenment of the nineteenth century."

From the position thus announced, the lecturer discussed Spiritualism from the scientific as well as the religious point of view, and his logic led to many of the most desirable conclusions of the spiritual philosophy. The same subject was continued in the evening lecture, which was full of original suggestions and remarkably eloquent.

Mr. Emerson, the test medium, named many spirits at both services, and nearly all were recognized by friends in the audience, to whom these tests were a prime feature of the meetings.

Pencilings.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Must I become a drone amidst the beautiful experiences we read of in every number of your noble paper, and others, for the good cause?

"The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more;
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure."

How true are these words of "Old Watts" when spiritually construed. My good friend Lucretia Mott comes, saying, "Thee brings with thee many friends from this side of life, and they are anxious to commune with thee, and thank thee for thy kind help, even among dark places, and we feel that thy stay on earth will continue until thou hast seen the full glory of the triumph of this glorious cause.

"Take the advce, kind friends, of our noble cause, and don't try to embellish with abstruse and strange words. This is the advice of the sound philosopher and moralist, John S. Mill. It is the ignorant that are first to be enlightened. The great moralist and teacher, Seneca, said "That cannot be repeated too often, which has not been sufficiently heard."

That report of Bro. Colby, in last Banner, is worth a million dollars, and what an opportunity is being granted to all, to be convinced of the most blessed of all gifts to man on earth. I have had the same experiences as he had, through Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Wells, and friend Colby does not mention the most wonderful of all, that of Joan of Arc, in Mrs Gray's seances. She rises in the middle of the room from a vapory cloud, forms in a clear form, gorgeously costumed, passes upward until her head nearly reaches the ceiling; then she takes a flag, attached to the chandelier, and waves it overhead a few minutes. The flag hits against the ceiling, and she settles down to the floor, and soon disappears from the smoky cloud, and at last is taken out of sight.

Who knows how long those three mediums may be in their present positions for the benefit of the people? Millions could not replace them after they are removed. I read in Dr. Hare's valuable work, a report of Joseph P. Haggard's visit to Coon's rooms in Ohio. He says after seventy-two hours experience there, hearing a band of spirit-musicians play on drums and other instruments, so loud as might be heard a mile away, and also an army of spirit-voices in full tones, all so wonderful, he would not part with the consciousness of those seventy-two hours for all the State of Ohio. But these wonderful phenomena soon were silenced by the spirit-world for others still more marvelous. The experience in materializations that I have witnessed in seances with Mrs. Williams, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Wells, I would not part with, if I could not experience them over, for the whole State of New Jersey.

Fraternally,
Riley M. Adams.

Vineland, N. J., Dec. 29, 1887.

Witchcraft.

In 1488, Innocent VIII. issued his famous bull, in which he set forth the growing dangers to which the Church was exposed from the machinations of witches. "Not only," he said, "did these deny their faith, and profane the services of the Church, but they exercised the most baneful influences over men's daily lives. They blighted the harvest; they destroyed men my magic art, or by dreadful and loathsome diseases; they stirred up destructive tempests; and, finally, from the unnatural union of fiends and witches, a race of malignant monsters was ever on the increase." The Witch Mania now grew rapidly to its height. A class of persons called Witch-finders sprang up, and displayed extraordinary zeal in bringing delinquents to justice. No rank or station were secure from their attacks. The Duchess of Gloucester was punished for the offense by Henry VI. Queen Elizabeth and the Duchess of Bedford were arraigned for it by Richard III. Several peeresses of Scotland and the Marechale D'Ancre in France, were a few of those indicted for the offence. But in this, as in all other popular infatuations, the vast mass of victims were poor and helpless. In some of the German towns they were annually burnt, two, three or four hundred—the total of each year's victims in the entire country reaching many thousands. In France and Switzerland, almost as many perished—the accused being so numerous, that new courts had continually to be opened, and new judges appointed to try the ever-increasing crowd of offenders. In England, where the evil did not attain such great dimensions, the average is said to have been about five hundred every year. In Scotland the madness ran considerably higher. Some one, generally a woman,[*] and most frequently an old woman, had been seen to be looking hard at an ox or a pig. If the ox or the pig chanced to be seized with any malady, the woman was charged with having bewitched it. If she had scolded any child for jeering or making faces at her, and the child soon after had measles or scarlet fever, it was the woman's malediction that had caused the malady. Nay, the mere fact of being old, or ugly, or an object of dislike to some one, was held to be a sufficient ground for alleging a charge of witchcraft, and for causing the offending party to be dragged before a magistrate. Once in the witchfinder's custody, there was very little hope of escape. For there really was no other escape than the least painful form of death that could be obtained. As it was assumed that the witch was capable of making things appear the exact opposite of what they really were, the better case she made out of her innocence, the greater was her real guilt. Some Piedmontese women were accused before the Archbishop of the Province, having attended a witch dance, at which the evil one was present at midnight on the Friday previous. Their husbands stood forward and swore positively that at that time when their wives were charged with dancing in Satin's company many miles away, they were at home. This, one would have thought, was an unanswerable alibi. But the Archbishop lucidly pointed out that this only proved the diabolical cunning of the witches; who, by their arts, had contrived to place exact likeness of themselves in the midst of the family, while the real woman were far away, celebrating their abominable orgies. The husbands were unable to disprove this, and the poor women were condemned and burnt accordingly.

[*] It is a noticeable fact that in almost all prosecutions for witchcraft the vast majority of victims were women. Probably the supposed unhallowed union with Satan, a masculine demon, was the cause of it. Further, in most instances, the women were old and ugly. This is to be accounted for, partly by the natural repulsion caused by their appearance, and partly by the notion that, knowing themselves to be unacceptable to men, it would be likely that they would endeavor to attract the regard of Satan.

A Victim to the Cigarette Habit.

I see stories regarding the intelligence of dogs are going about, and I should like to tell you my dog's tale. He is a clever and generally well-behaved dog. Every day I gave him (in the approved manner of clever dog-owners) the sum of two pence, wherewith he goes to the baker's and the newsvender's to buy a roll for himself and *Daily News* for me. One day, however, he came home with neither physical nor mental pabulum, but smelling strongly of smoke. The next day I gave him the two-pence, but followed him at a discreet distance. He went up to an automatic cigarette-box at the railway station, stood upon his hind legs, dropped a penny in, pressed the knob with his nose, and took his cigarette. He was just making for the similar match-provider hard by when I arrested him.—[London Globe.

AN IMPORTANT LETTER

Addressed to Dr. Thomas, of Cardington, O.

Read what is said by Prof. A. B. French, of Clyde, Ohio, a man well known for his intellectual attainments, and one of the world's greatest orators.

"Dr. R. M. Thomas:—Dear Sir:—The Belt I received from you last August, has done more than you claimed it would do for me. I was suffering greatly from nervous exhaustion, occasioned by constant mental labor. The first night after applying the belt I was blessed with a refreshing sleep. This I had not experienced for several days previous. I have been enabled by it to continue my work, and am truly grateful to you for your valuable invention, and I most cheerfully recommend it to all who are afflicted.

"A. B. French."

Our issue of The Better Way for the New Year gave great pleasure to hundreds of subscribers already heard from. The paper upon which it was printed proves a little tender, and to those who did not receive it in a good condition, we will gladly send a duplicate upon application, so long as the supply holds out. On the next New Year occasion we shall know better what to furnish, and how to do it so that subscribers, editors and publishers will be mutually satisfied. But now is the time to subscribe.

"Survival of the Fittest."

BY WARREN CHASE.

Slowly the laws of nature are asserting and establishing their superiority over the perversions and antagonisms of man. The hell fire of alcohol is fast burning out the lives of those who take it in to pervert the reason, stupify the faculties and destroy the moral rectitude of the conscience. The longer life, better life, happier life of those who wholly abstain from its fast gaining the ascendency in our country under the efforts now made to expose its evil effects, after a long time of its rapid progress in corrupting the morals and distracting the reason of millions of American citizens, and causing an immense amount of crime and expense for the innocent to pay for punishment, and that too often a failure. Close observers of society can see in this direction the working of this principle in society and we may look for greater results from the education of the children in our schools on the subject of alcohol and its evil effects. Another step in this line of progress is a knowledge of the evil effects of tobacco, that slow poison that steadily saps the foundation of natural health and plays havoc with the nerves, setting them into a tremulous motion and ultimately affecting the brain and through it the reasoning powers. Not as bad as alcohol in its effects upon the morals and not causing the crimes that the more stimulating poison does, but still with no beneficial effects and at an enormous expense in the aggregate use, producing only evil and perverting nature and good health, which ought to be sufficient when understood to exclude it entirely from every family and person and thus aid the progress of the "survival of the fittest;" surely for the purer and better the bodies of parents, the purer and better will be the offspring, and it is about time we looked into the question of propagation of the species of our own race, as we long have in the propagation of domestic animals and as nature does in the undomesticated.

Excluding these two utterly useless and greatly injurious and very expensive articles from our bill of fare and from our orders for supplies, we may next look carefully into the nature and effects on the human body of the different kinds of food and exclude as far as possible, that which will bring disease into the body, and when we exclude alcohol and tobacco we shall nearly all be able to select the most healthy food even if it does cost more than that which is less in conformity to health and happiness. In time, through intellectual growth and the application of science and knowledge to physical life, we shall have the survival of the fittest and a better and healthier and more moral condition of mortal life.

This law and line of progress to a more rational, natural, consistent and intellectual condition of moral, social and religious life is equally sure to prevail. Slowly but surely the effects of superstition, bigotry and intolerance are being understood and they will be eradicated with their evils effects like the alcohol and tobacco. Sectarian Christianity has been as destructive of life and happiness as alcohol, and although greatly modified since the days of the inquisition, yet it has its bitter effects lingering in the minds of those who like old topers and chewers who have come down to beer and cider and cigarettes, still have the lingering effects of the poison. We have many Spiritualists who want to keep a little of the old superstition for a medicine, as the liquor drinkers do to taper off on, and they must have a little of the Christ, or St. Paul spirit, mixed with the Spiritualism as a tonic—bitters for their stomach's sake. Some want to retain the morning mass or evening vespers, say our prayers, ask our blessings, or thank the Lord for every good thing we earn, or learn, and bless the church for favors received from other sources. They would have us look in the scriptures, which have led everybody astray that has relied on them, for evidence of the truth of what we never learned from them and never could and yet have learned from other sources and entirely without them. But this hold on the old fables and parables is steadily loosening and giving way to the law of the survival of the fiittest in religion and morals as well as in physical life, and it gives us pleasure to see our race gradually coming out of the fogs of Christian superstition with a sure sign of leading all other nations out of their equally, but not more, deep darkness of religious ignorance. The grand work began with the telescope, which peered into the heavens and was soon followed by the microscope, the crucible, the retort, the scalpel, the cabinet of fossils collected from the crust of the earth; and as the telescope revealed the heavens to astronomers, so geology with its fossils revealed the past ages and changes of the earth's crust and the "races that perished to pave the granite slab with a floor of time." These sciences turned the attention to the theological history of creation and a "peep into sacred traditions," soon revealed its fabulous character and utter unreliability.

Later came physiology and later still Spiritualism with its intercourse and correspondence with the denizens of other life, which is to be the next for us, and then we turn to the churches to see what they teach about that life and find them as much in error as is the old testament in its teachings about creation and the origin of man.

We find the pessimism of the new testament which teaches us to ignore nature and disregard all social and domestic duties and hate our relatives and our own lives and take no thought for the morrow what we shall eat, drink, or wear, and that it is not what we take into the mouth that defiles us; and is all entirely wrong and that it is the tobacco and liquors and other filthy and poisonous substances taken in the mouth that defiles; us and that we should take thought for the morrow and provide for, care for, and love our families and let our duties begin here; and that it is not the way to bring peace on earth for every man to have a sword even if he had to sell his coat to get one. From our friends on the other side we learn that he is not wrong whose life is in the right and that he has no need of Christ or Christianity any more than he has for Paganism or Mohammedanism, or for alcohol or tobacco—that whatever perverts, distracts and misleads the mind intellect of man in this life, whether taken into the body or mind, draws him away from a true and natural growth and progress into harmony and health of body or mind. If the laws of nature—which are laws of God—are supreme, then ultimately they must triumph over all of these obstacles by the survival of the fittest and when the physical evils are eradicated, the moral, social and religious will soon follow, and in time not a vestige except the fossils of our theology will remain to obstruct the progress of the race and even our Christian Spiritualists will dispense with the little they keep for a medicine.

Outside the Gates.[*]

The origin and method of production of this work are given in the introduction. Mr James Gordon, to whom the book is dedicated, had been for many years a warm friend of Miss Shelhamer, and had received through her mediumship many messages from unseen friends. Among other frienda who so communicated, was a family—father, mother and three daughters—who had been closely connected with Mr. Gordon in earth-life. The head of this group approached Miss Shelhamer as she was recovering from a severe illness, in October, 1884, and desired to write through her hand a series of articles for the Banner of Light, to be called "Thoughts from a Spirit's Standpoint." These form the opening chapters of the present book. He further informed her that when these were complete he would introduce to Miss Shelhamer a spirit who had suffered deeply, and who desired to record her experiences. These are contained in Outside the Gates, which consists of nine chapters, containing under allegory much that is instructive and true, so far as our own experience confirms what is there told.

Next came one of the daughters who contributed the other narratives that are contained in this volume, with the exception already mentioned, and "What I found in Spirit Life," which was given to the medium by the *youngest* daughter, Susie.

We have said that these narratives give, in a very acceptadle form, much excellent spirit-teaching largely in accord with that given under suitable and good conditions by other spirits through other mediums. Take, for example, that great truth so much insisted on by spirits, so little realized by us in our daily lives, that the man makes his own future, is responsible for his own acts, and that the deeds done in the body reflect upon the spirit, and must if evil be undone, and atoned for in shame and remorse. Here is a short excerpt which conveys truth such as is found taught by many another unseen teacher:

"As one of many spirits whose duty and mission have been largely found in ministering to spirits suffering pain and misery, I have been brought into contact with souls whose keenest anguish was caught from remembrances of the wrong they had done on earth. Deeds of unkindness, acts of oppression, words spoken harshly, but little thought of at the time they were expressed, have been recorded on the tablets of memory, and here in the spirit-world reappear to discomfort and confuse the soul. If the memory of little unkind acts brings an intense pain, what shall be said of those heavier deeds of oppression and injustice that crowd and torture human beings with remorseful energy? When a disembodied soul awakens to the truth that he has deeply injured a fellow-being, has defrauded another of his rights, has done evil to others, the lash of remorse is like a scorpion's sting to his quickened nature."

Or, again, the methods by which the spirit progresses are laid down as purely altruistic—self-sacrifice, devotion to the good of others, unselfish love.

This is the law of progress: and love is mightier than wisdom. We gain our own elevation, and find our own development in developing our fellows, and in elevating the human race. The Philantrophist (as it is put in "M. A. (Oxon's)" Spirit Teachings, which in a didactic way puts many truths that are brought out in narrative form in this volume)—the Philantrophist is the wisest man, the greatest benefactor to his species, and so in the way of greatest development himself.

We might select many points for commendation: but we content ourselves with a word of praise for the gentle, sincere, and earnest spirit that pervades the book, and a recommendation to parents and guardians to use it in the training of the young. Spiritualists weigh too little the harm that may be done to the budding intelligence of the child by charging it with crude or false ideas that will have to be thrown over as the mind develops: nor do they fully realize that to leave the mind fallow is to hand it over to the growth of intellectual weeds which will one day have to be rooted up. We have got together so much broad truth now that we can afford to teach our children what we have learned.—[London Light.

[*] *Outside the Gates*, and Other Tales. By Miss M. T. Shelhamer. (Boston: Colby and Rich—1887.)

An Unintentional Truth.

A writer in a recent number of a popular religious journal, in stating the marvels of Christianity and its wondrous growth, tells us: "It came in the livery of martyrdom, sacrificing man's natural reason, and worshipping, as its central object, a crucified Jew as Almighty God, teaching many doctrines intellectual Paganism must have regarded as insanity." If the quotation had not appeared in a church organ, and been given in proof of the triumph of faith over opposition, it would have been thought the production of a skeptical pen, burlesquing the absurdities of Christian teaching. "Great is thy mystery of godliness."—[Ironclad Age.

Customer (to Boston bartender)—How is it you charge me fifteen cents for whisky, while the gentleman who just went out paid only ten? Bartender—You called for the best whisky. Customer—Yes; but the liquor was from the same bottle. Bartender—I can't help that, sir! We charge five cents for the adjective.—[Puck.

PERSONAL.

Mr. J. W. Fletcher, will speak at Parker Memorial Hall, Boston, on Sunday, 15th, inst.

Dr. F. L. H. Willis is the lecturer for the First Association of Spiritualists, of Philadelphia, for the current month.

Mr. Walter Howell is sojourning at the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Elizabeth Ruffin, on Colerain Avenue, and Mr. Edgar W. Emerson is the guest of George Thill, Esq., at No. 303 Freeman Avenue.

We are informed that Mrs. Helen Fairchild, the well-known materialising medium, who resided several months of last year in this city, is now located at No. 24 Hanson Street, Boston.

G. W. Kates and wife will lecture and give tests in Toledo, Ohio, January 15, 22 and 29. February 5 and 9 in Northern Ohio. February 19 and 26 in North Collins, N. Y. Month of March in Pittsburg, Pa. April in Brooklyn, N. Y. These workers are actively engaged and make friends wherever they go.

Mr. Elliott Rawson, who supplies our "Philadelphia Gleanings," failed to reach the hall of his Society last Sunday, on account of a cold wave in the Quaker City, and therefore no "Gleanings" were made. They have become a feature of so much interest in THE BETTER WAY that we trust their omission will not again be necessary.

Mrs. Helen Stuart-Richings will spend the remainder of the present month in various rambles through the sunny South, with possibly a few days' in Cuba. She is enjoying this relaxation intensely; but on February 1st she resumes work upon the spiritual rostrum, and will speak for the First Spiritualist Society of Pittsburg on the Sundays of next month. Her home address is Boston, Mass.

The great idiotorial writer of the *File-Ur-Off* has apparently dealt with obsession to such an extent that, like those who compound deadly drugs, he has absorbed too much of the virus, and hence his great and brilliant, although devilish, campaign against poor and defenseless mediums. In the interest of humanity let us hope there is no worse motive for his raid upon the physically weak and helpless ministers of Spiritualism.

The Better Way.

Written for the Better Way.

BY MRS. F. O. HYZER.

The better way for all to tread,
Who wear the form of human clay,
Is that o'er which we can be led
By healthful reason, day by day.

The reason that the soul connects
Through consciousness with outer things,
And that each fact of life respects
For the instruction that it brings;

That shows the universe without
To be a host of symbols rare,
Revealing to unfaith and doubt
A sovereign wisdom everywhere;

The reason that transposes strife
To lyric harmonies divine,
And causes e'en the humblest life;
With heavenly radiance to shine

That lets no pain, or grief, or sting
Pass through the sense untaxed of law;
By which from e'en the smallest thing
Some useful knowledge we can draw.

I've sought of truth her purest light,
And woo'd her counsels day by day;
But she reveals unto my sight,
To heaven, no truer, better way.

RAVENNA, OHIO, Jan. 3, 1888.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum.

The lately elected officers of the children's progressive lyceum for the current year were formally installed Sunday morning at the regular lyceum session in Memorial Hall. Mr. Thomas Lees officiating in the absence of Acting Conductor, C. G. Oyston. The ceremony was very simple yet highly interesting, both to spectators and those installed. Mr. Lees briefly outlined the utility of the lyceum, the great difference between it and the orthodox Sunday school, and the great responsibility resting on those who took on themselves the management of it. Commencing with the conductor, Mr. Lees defined the duties of each of the newly chosen officers, presenting each at the close of his remarks with their respective badges of office, when each signified acceptance in short but appropriate speeches, all in turn manifesting great enthusiasm for the prosperity of the lyceum during this year. The following are the officers for 1888:

Conductor—Richard Carleton.
Guardian—Miss Nellie Ingersoll.
Assistant guardian—Mrs. Rose Carleton.
Secretary—E. W. Gaylord.
Treasurer—Edward Lemmers.
Musical director—John W. Pae.
Assistant musical director—Albert Lemmers.
Librarian—Arthur Derby.
Assistant librarian—Dora Smith.
Postmistress—Miss Rena Hatch.
Assistant postmistress—Miss Pearl Lees.
Guards—Fred Derby, Albert Derby, George Duguay, Leonard Turner.
Trustees—Thomas Lees, John Madden, Samuel Russell.

At the close of the very interesting installation ceremony the conductor invited any one who felt that he had a word to say to the children to do so, whereupon Mr. Charles D. Everett of this city, and Dr. Williams of Rochester, N. Y., responded with a few words of encouragement to the children and likewise to the new officers. The exercises closed with a recitation by Miss Lillie Root.—[From Cleveland Plain Dealer, January 2, 1888.

Boston Lyceum, No. 1.

SUNDAY, JAN. 1, 1888.

Another stormy day, but pupils attended the Lyceum in large numbers; ninety-five in the march, and, with a fair audience, we had a very interesting session. The school opened with singing, banner march, and reading from the instructor; after which, songs and recitations by the children.

Mrs. W. S. Butler addressed the school. She said that Mr. Butler desired her to extend to the Lyceum his New Year's greeting, and to say: It was impossible for him to be present with them; yet he was with them heart and hand for the cause, and they would always find in him a friend to assist in any way he could. Mrs. Butler urged upon all to try to increase the interest in the Lyceum, and for each pupil to bring another, so that our school might be larger.

An invitation was secured by Mrs. Butler from Mr. Ayer to bring the leaders and children to the First Spiritual Temple on Wednesday next, and when the question was asked, "How many children will go?" every hand was raised, which proved that the invitation was accepted.

The regular yearly meeting of the Lyceum Association takes place Thursday evening next, for the election of officers and such other business as may present itself. Yours for the cause,

RICHARD LAUNDRY.

Modern Spiritualism a Misnomer.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

There are a goodly number of THE BETTER WAY taken in this county, and every one seems to like it. That THE BETTER WAY is destined to become the leading Spiritual paper of the West, is a frequent and common remark. Its wise and honorable position relative to mediums meets with general approval. It is so unlike the Chicago R. P. J., whose editor seems inclined to be distrustful of all mediums. Some classic has said, "Men having the choicest virtues have corresponding weaknesses." Brother Bundy is a man of intellect and culture, but has evidently got "fraud on the brain." Portage County has many first class mediums for different phases of manifestation, a harmonious, model organization with five hundred members, and numbers of conscientious, well informed Spiritualists. It is the peer of any inland county of the State.

Why a paper as good as the old R. P. J. has been, should turn all of her guns in the direction of defenseless mediums, is a marvel. With Spiritualists everywhere, abundantly qualified to judge of genuine mediumship, cannot the ductile Colonel be induced to issue in pamphlet form a Counterfeit-Medium Detector, reverse his ordinance, and let the poor, persecuted mediums have a rest? Is not talking of modern Spiritualism a misnomer? The evidences of spirit return antedate Christianity. The works of eminent authors can be traced, in regular chronological line from the earliest history, furnishing positive evidence of man's belief in communications from the invisible world. Pythagoras, the sage of Samos, was a great occultist and Spiritist, 600 years B. C. In "Plutarch's Morals," recently translated by Goodwin, there is an account of calling up the spirit of Cleonica, 500 B. C. Hermes was the great Egyptian seer and physician. One of his books has recently been discovered, and a *fac simile* of it is in the New York Astor Library. It is called the [Ebers Papyrus, and dates 1552 B. C. This work is full of evidences of faith in communication from the other world. Apollonius, of Tyana, was born about four years B. C. His life, written soon after his decease in A. D. 94, is replete with the evidence of the then existing inner-soul power. Apollonius traveled over the then known world, and became one of the remarkable seers and wonder-workers of his age. His history is a full vindication of the truth of the miracles of Jesus recorded in the New Testament. Josephus testifies that Solomon believed in magical power in his time, and he, himself, witnessed the phenomenon of demons being expelled by Eleazor. The Neo Platonists possessed these occult powers in the early centuries and transmitted them down to the middle ages, as is evidenced by Draper's Intellectual Development of Europe, and Wm. Howitt's History of the Supernatural. A profound and celebrated work, entitled, "Iamblichus de Mysteriis, abounds in verified facts relative to spirit communications. Merlin's "Helping Spirit," A. D., 480, is found in English chronicles. Osiris, Buddha, Confucius, Zoroaster, Elijah, Isaiah, Socrates, Peter and John, Moses and Elias, all gave evidence of the truth of spirit return, Jesus of Nazareth held communion sweet with angels in the garden shades of Gethsemanne, and declared that legions of angels were at his call.

The Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, is full of evidence of spirit phenomena. God's laws are unchangeable, and the same law that allowed Peter and John to see Moses and Elias, and John the Revelator to commune with angels, stands unrepealed to-day. The laws that govern communications between the two worlds have been the same in all ages. The outlook for Spiritualism, and Spiritualists, was never so bright as to-day, and there never was a time when there was as much secret investigation in orthodox society. The secular press, whose utterances are all mortgaged to popular sentiment, hitherto has spoken of it only with bated breath, but recently they are vieing with each other in publishing lectures, seances, etc., etc., with commendable fairness. Surely Spiritualists may take courage. O. P. B.

RAVENNA, OHIO, DEC. 26, 1887.

Sensible "Blasphemy."

We take the following from the *Referee*, published in London, (Eng.,) written by "Dagonet," one of England's most able and brilliant writers:

"I have had many extraordinary remedies sent to me for my various ailments; but I have this week received from America a remedy for dyspepsia which has fairly taken my breath away. It is a cure for dyspepsia issued by the president of the 'New York School of Primitive and Practical Christian Science,' and is a part of a system of 'mind-cure,' and, though to me it savors of blasphemy, it is so extraordinary that I cannot refrain from printing it, believing that it will astonish my readers as much as it did me when I received it 'with a Christian's compliments,' and hoping it would relieve my symptoms. The remedy is to use the following

'PRAYER FOR A DYSPEPTIC:'

'Holy Reality! we believe in Thee; that Thou art everywhere present. We really believe it. Blessed Reality, we do not pretend to believe, think we believe, believe that we believe. We believe. Believing that Thou art everywhere present, we believe that Thou art in this patient's stomach, in every fibre, in every cell, in every atom; that Thou art the sole, only Reality of that stomach. Heavenly, Holy Reality, we will not try to be such hypocrites and infidels as every day of our lives to affirm our faith in Thee, and then immediately begin to tell how sick we are, forgetting that Thou art everything, and that Thou art not sick, and, therefore, that nothing in this universe was ever sick, is now sick, or can be sick. Forgive us our sins in that we have this day talked about our backaches, that we have told our neighbors that our food hurts us, that we mentioned to a visitor that there was a lump in our stomach, that we wasted our valuable time, which should have been spent in Thy service, in worrying for fear that our stomach should grow worse, in that we have disobeyed Thy blessed law in thinking that some kind of medicine would help us. . . . Lord help us to believe that all evil is utterly unreal; that it is silly to be sick, absurd to be ailing, wicked to be wailing, Atheism and denial of God to say, 'I am sick.' Help us to stoutly affirm, with our hand in Your hand, with our eyes fixed on Thee, that we have no Dyspepsia, that we never had Dyspepsia, that we never will have Dyspepsia, that there is no such thing, that there never was any such thing, that there never will be any such thing. Amen.'"

An Obliging Guest.

A resident of the provinces had come to pass a few days with some relatives in Paris. Becoming infatuated with the gay capitol, he remained until patience on the part of his hosts ceased to be a virtue. Too polite to openly remonstrate, they threw out a hint: "Don't you think, my dear fellow" they said to the bore, "that your wife and children must miss you?" "No doubt. Thanks for the suggestion. I'll send for them."—[French Paper.

Thoughts About Dress.

A few Aphorisms and Epigrams from Noted English Writers.

First and most familiar to common observation is woman's personal appearance, and in this case vanity, more potent in woman than selfishness, renders it an object of general solicitude to be so adorned as best to meet and gratify the public taste. Without inquiring too minutely into the motive, the custom, as such, must be commended; for, like many of the minor virtues of woman, though scarcely taken note of in its immediate presence, it is sorely missed when absent. A careless or slatternly woman, for instance, is one of the most repulsive objects in creation; and such is the force of public opinion and favor of the delicacies of taste and feeling in the female sex, that no power of intellect or display of learning can compensate to men for the want of nicety or neatness in the women with whom they associate in domestic life. In vain to them might the wreath of laurel wave in glorious triumph over locks uncombed, and woe betide the heroine whose stocking, even of the deepest blue, betrayed a lurking hole.—Mrs. Ellis: "Women of England."

O Woman! lovely as the dawn of day!
Soft as the downy breast of verdant May!
Bright as the golden sun in cloudless skies!
Life of the gay and solace of the wise!
O why must Folly half your powers impair,
And Art corrupt what nature made so fair?
Ere Fashion spread her pestilential band,
Through every cranny of the British land,
Ere country ladies quite discarded sense
And Modes flew down with every Diligence,
There was a time when Woman scorned disguise,
When nymphs were innocent and matrons wise;
When undressed hair was no disgrace to youth,
And ladies' maids could dare to speak the truth.
—[Rev. Samuel Hoole, "Aurelia; or, The Contest," 1790.

Dress should be authorized in men of ingenuity. The finery of an empty fellow would render him as ridiculous as a star and a garter would one never knighted, and men would use as commendable a diligence to qualify themselves for a brocaded waistcoat or a gold snuff-box as they now do to procure themselves a right of investing their limbs in lawn or ermine. We should not esteem a man for his dress till, by frequent conversation, we discover a flaw in his title. If he was incapable of uttering a *bon mot* the gold upon his coat would seem foreign in his circumstances. A man should not wear a French dress till he could give an account of the best French authors, and should be versed in Oriental languages before he should presume to wear a diamond.—[Shenstone.

Men born to labor, all with pains provide,
Women have time to sacrifice to pride:
They want the care of men, their want they know,
And dress to please with heart-alluring show.
—[Parnell.

From little matters let us turn to less,
And lightly touch the mysteries of Dress;
The outward forms the inward man reveal—
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel.
—[Oliver Wendell Holmes, "A Rhymed Lesson."

It is certain that of all trifling things there is none by which people so much discover their natural turn of mind as by their dress. In greater matters they proceed more cautiously; nature is disguised and weaknesses are concealed by art or imitation; but in dress they give a loose to their fancy, and by declaring it an immaterial thing, though at the same time they do not think it so, promise themselves at least impunity in their greatest oddnesses and wildest excesses.—Lord Chesterfield, "Common Sense," 1777.

Spencer tells us that only sleep and laughter rest the brain. We know a man who was kicked shamefully by a mule whose brain is resting as quietly as a man who doesn't advertise.

How to Form Spirit Circles.

Inquirers into Spiritualism should begin by forming spirit-circles in their own homes, with no Spiritualist or professional medium present. Should no results be obtained on the first occasion, try again with other sitters. One or more persons possessing medial powers without knowing it are to be found in nearly every household.

1. Let the room be of comfortable temperature, but cool rather than warm—let the arrangement be made that nobody shall enter it, and that there shall be no interuption for one hour during the sitting of the circle.

2. Let the circle consist of four, five or six individuals, about the same number of each sex. Sit round an uncovered wooden table, with all the palms of the hands upon the top surface. Whether the hands touch each other or not is usually of no importance. Any table will do, just large enough to conveniently accomodate the sitters. The removal of a hand from the table for a few seconds does no harm, but when one of the sitters breaks the circle by leaving the table, it sometimes, but not always, breaks the manifestations.

3. Before the sitting begins, place some pointed lead-pencils and some sheets of clean writing paper on the table, to write down any communications that may be obtained.

4. People who do not like each other should not sit in the same circle, for such a want of harmony tends to prevent manifestations except with well developed physical mediums; it is not yet known why. Belief or unbelief has no influence on the manifestations, but an acrid feeling against them has a weakening influence.

5. Before the manifestations begin it is well to engage in general conversation or in singing, and it is best that neither should be of a frivolous character. A prayerful, earnest feeling among the members of the circle gives the higher spirits more power to come to the circle, and makes it more difficult for the lower spirits to come near.

6. The first symptom of the invisible power at work is often a feeling like a cool wind sweeping over the hands. The first manifestations will probably be table tiltings or raps.

7. When motions of the table or sounds are produced freely, to avoid confusion, let only one person speak, and talk to the table as to an intelligent being. Let him tell the table that three tilts or raps mean "Yes," one means "No," and two means "Doubtful," and ask if the arrangement is understood. If three signals be given in answer, then say, "If I speak the letters of the alphabet slowly, will you signal every time I come to the letter you want, and spell us out a message?" Should three signals be given, set to work on the plan proposed, and, from this time, an intelligent system of communication is established.

8. Afterwards the question should be put, "Are we sitting in the right order to get the best manifestations?" Probably some members of the circle will then be told to change seats with each other, and the signals will be afterwards strengthened. Next ask, "Who is the medium?" When spirits come, asserting themselves to be related or known to anybody present, well-chosen questions should be put, to test the accuracy of the statements, as spirits out of the body have all the virtues and all the failings of spirits in the body.

9. A powerful physical medium is usually a person of an impulsive, affectionate and genial nature, and very sensitive to mesmeric influences. The majority of media are ladies.

The best manifestations are obtained when the medium and all the members of the circle are harmoniously bound together, and are thoroughly comfortable and happy; the manifestations are born of the spirit, and shrink somewhat from the lower mental influences of earth. Family circles with no strangers present are usually the best.

Possibly at the first sitting of a circle symptoms of other forms of mediumship than tilts or raps may make their appearance.

Speakers and Mediums.

Under engagement by the Union Society of Spiritualists, Cincinnati, for the dates named:

DECEMBER: Mrs. F. O. Hyzer, inspirational speaker.
JANUARY, '88; Walter Howell, speaker; Edgar Emerson, medium.
FEBRUARY, same as in January.
MARCH: Miss Jennie B. Hagan, speaker and improvisatrice.
APRIL: Mrs. Nellie J. T. Brigham, speaker and improvisatrice.
MAY: Mrs. A. M. Glading, speaker and platform test medium.
JUNE: J. Frank Baxter, speaker and platform test medium.

GRAND ARMY HALL.

HOWELL

—AND—

EMERSON,

The Eminent Speaker

—AND THE—

SUCCESSFUL MEDIUM,

Will Speak and Give Tests, Respectively, at Grand Army Hall, No. 115 West Sixth Street, to-morrow (Sunday) Morning and Evening.

SUBJECT FOR MORNING:

"Blessed are the Poor in Spirit."

SUBJECT FOR EVENING:

"The Garden of Eden and the Drama Enacted There."

These gentlemen are among the best known and most eminently successful of the

Apostles of Spiritualism

And to listen to the eloquent logic of the one, and witness the convincing tests of the other, is "better than the fatness of a feast."

No Admission Fee is charged in the morning. To the evening service tickets are **15 cents** each, to be had at the door. Morning service begins at 11. Evening at 7:30. Everybody invited.

MEETINGS.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Spiritual Healing and Developing Meetings, with speaking and music every Sunday at half-past 2 P. M. at the American Health College, Fairmount. Free to all.

The First New Spiritual Church, of Cincinnati, Ohio, meets every Sunday at 3 P. M., at Murch's Hall, No. 278 West Sixth Street, Dr. James A. Bliss, Pastor. The public are cordially invited. Seats free. Sunday School meets every Sunday at 1:30 P. M. Dr. S. S. Baldwin, Superintendent. Spiritualists are cordially invited. Bri[illegible] your children with you.

Cleveland Meetings.

POPULAR SUNDAY EVENING MEETINGS—At the Columbia Theater, Euclid Ave., 7:30 P. M. The Philosophy of Modern Spiritualism will be presented, by its ablest exponents, and the Phenomena by its most distinguished mediums. Net proceeds will be donated to the fund for establishing in this city a public spiritual library and reading room. THOS. LEES, Chairman.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1.—Meets every Sunday at 10:45 A. M., in G. A. R. Hall, 170 Superior St. Spiritualists and Liberalists earnestly invited to send their children, and the public cordially invited to attend [illegible]. E. W. GAYLORD, Conductor

Newark, N. J.

The People's Spiritual Fraternity holds meetings every Sunday evening at 7¾ o'clock at Liberal League Hall, No. 177 Halsey street, Mrs. G. Dorn, President.

St. Louis, Mo.

The First Association of Spiritualists meets at 2½ P. M., every Sunday in Brandt's Hall, southwest corner of Franklin Avenue and Ninth street. Friends of the cause invited to attend, and correspondence solicited from America and Europe. H. W. Fay, President, No. 313 Market Street. Milton Lyle, Cor. Sec., 2800 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Detroit, Mich

Fraternity Hall, corner State Street and Park Place. Meetings held every Sunday at 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. AUGUSTUS DAY, Manager.

Boston, Mass.

BANNER OF LIGHT CIRCLE-ROOM, No. 9 Bosworth street—Seances are held every Tuesday and Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock promptly. Admission free. For further particulars see notice on sixth page. L. B. Wilson, Chairman.

BOSTON SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, Berkeley Hall.—Lectures by able speakers Sundays at 10½ A. M. and 7½ P. M. Richard Holmes, President; O. F. Rockwood, Secretary; Mrs. Mary F. Lovering, Corresponding Secretary; W. A. Dunkle, Treasurer.

CHILDREN'S PROGRESSIVE LYCEUM, No. 1.—Sessions every Sunday at 11 A. M. in (large) Paine Memorial Hall, Appleton street, near Tremont. All seats free. Every one invited. Benj. P. Weaver, Conductor, Francis B. Woodbury, Corresponding Secretary, 45 Indiana Place, Boston. Sewing circle at 1031 Washington street Wednesdays at 3 P. M. supper and social meeting in the evening.

FIRST SPIRITUAL TEMPLE, corner Newbury and Exeter streets—Spiritual Fraternity Society will hold public service Sundays at 2¾ P. M. Seats free.

SPIRITUALISTIC PHENOMENA ASSOCIATION, LADIES' AID PARLORS, 1031 Washington street—Sunday meetings at 2½ and 7½ P. M. Social meetings Thursdays at 7½ P. M. Jackson Hall, President; Dr. U. K. Mayo, Treasurer; Francis B. Woodbury, Corresponding Secretary; W. C. Vaughn Secretary.

COLLEGE HALL, 34 Essex street—Sundays at 10½ A. M. 2½ and 7½ P. M. Eben Cobb, Conductor

EAGLE HALL, 616 Washington street, corner of Essex—Sundays, at 2½ and 7½ P. M.; also Thursdays at 3 P. M. Able speakers and test mediums. Excellent music. Prescott Robinson, Chairman.

1031 WASHINGTON STREET—The First Spiritualist Ladies' Aid Society meets every Friday. Mrs. H. O. Torrey, Secretary.

IF

SUBSCRIBERS,

WHEN THEY WRITE

—TO—

THE BETTER WAY,

WOULD MENTION

FIRST—Whether they were transferred to our list from *The Offering*, *Light for* [illegible]*ers*, or *Light in the West*, and from one of these,

WHICH ONE.

It would lighten our labor very materially and enable us to make a more prompt report to said subscribers.

SECOND—If they do not receive the paper regularly, whether they are entitled to it longer on account of payments made to any of our respected predecessors, and, if so, for how long a period. In the hurry of transfer all credits may not have been plainly set down, and if there are errors, Messrs. Fox, Kates and Archer are as anxious to assist in correcting them as they would be if they were conducting THE BETTER WAY themselves, and the present managers are firmly determined that no injustice shall be done those whose good will they are supposed to have inherited.

FURTHERMORE,

When our good friends write us, they are respectfully requested to refrain from mixing business affairs with communications intended for publication. We receive an average of near *one hundred and fifty letters per day*—almost a thousand per week—some but a single page, but oftener from four to twenty pages each; and it is a large contract to find out what they are all about, yet this must be done. Then observe these five admonitions:

1. Be Brief.
2. Come to the point at once and make your comments afterwards.
3. Do not send money with contributions for our columns, but remit in a separate letter.
4. Write name, post office address and the entire letter plainly.
5. Do us—THE BETTER WAY—all the good you can, and we will strive to reciprocate in kind. It is

YOUR PAPER.

And it will be just as good, just as bright, prompt and reliable as your patronage and well-directed efforts make it.

We are always glad to hear from our subscribers and correspondents, and throw out these few hints to make our relations still more pleasant and lasting.

THE WAY PUB. CO.,
322 West Pearl Street,
CINCINNATI.

WHOLE WO

SOUL COMMUN

January 27th, 1888.

ALL MANKIND

WITHOUT REGARD TO RACE OR CREEDS.

ARE CALLED TO UNITE FOR

30 MINUTES IN SOUL COMMUNION.

TIME: 12 M. SALEM, OREGON.

THE WORLD'S SOUL COMMUNION TIME-TABLE.

The 27th day of each month, and from 12 m. to half-past 12 p. m., being the time fixed and inspirationally communicated through THE WORLD'S ADVANCE-THOUGHT for Soul Communion of humanitarians throughout the world, regardless of race and religious faith—the object being to invoke through co-operation in thought and unity in spiritual aspiration the blessings of universal peace and higher spiritual light—we give below a table of corresponding times for entering the Communion in various localities:

When it is 12 m. at Salem, Oregon, it is at—

Austin, Texas	1:41 p. m.
Boston, Mass	3:29 p. m.
Burlington, Vt	3:15 p. m.
Buenos Ayres, S. A.	4:19 p. m.
Buffalo, N. Y.	2:55 p. m.
Columbia, S. C.	2:48 p. m.
Cape Horn, S. A.	3:40 p. m.
Cape of Good Hope, Africa	9:28 p. m.
Chicago	2:20 p. m.
Detroit, Mich	2:38 p. m.
Frankfort, Germany	9:42 p. m.
Frankfort, Ky	2:35 p. m.
Fredrickton, New Brunswick	3:43 p. m.
Halifax, N. S.	3:53 p. m.
Harrisburg, Pa	3:05 p. m.
Iowa City, Ia	2:09 p. m.
London, Eng	8:11 p. m.
Lecompton, Kan	1:48 p. m.
Little Rock, Ark	2:01 p. m.
Mobile, Ala	2:18 p. m.
Memphis, Tenn	2:11 p. m.
Nashville, Tenn	2:25 p. m.
New York City	3:15 p. m.
Norfolk, Va	3:05 p. m.
Omaha, Neb	1:56 p. m.
Philadelphia, Penn	3:11 p. m.
Pittsburg, Penn	2:51 p. m.
Rome, Italy	9:01 p. m.
Savannah, Ga	2:48 p. m.
Santa Fe, N. M.	1:07 p. m.
St Domingo, W. I.	3:53 p. m.
St. Paul Minn	1:58 p. m.
Santiago, Chili	3:29 p. m.
Sioux Falls, Dakota	1:48 p. m.
San Francisco, Cal	12:01 p. m.
Vienna, Austria	9:21 p. m.
Vera Cruz, Mexico	9:48 p. m.
Walla Walla, Wash. Ter	11:18 p. m.
Augusta, Maine	3:38 p. m.
Baltimore, Md	3:06 p. m.
Berne, Switzerland	8:41 p. m.
Berlin Prussia	9:09 p. m.
Constantinople, Turkey	10:11 p. m.
Cincinnati, Ohio	2:28 p. m.
Columbus, Ohio	2:38 p. m.
Caracas, Venezuela	3:48 p. m.
Charlottown, Prince Edward's Island	3:58 p. m.
Dublin, Ireland	7:46 p. m.
Edinburg, Scotland	8:01 p. m.
Dover, Delaware	3:09 p. m.
Ft. Kearney, Neb	1:31 p. m.
Georgetown, British Gua.	4:18 p. m.
Havana, Cuba	2:51 p. m.
Honolulu, S. I.	9:51 p. m.
Jerusalem, Palestine	10:31 p. m.
Lisbon, Portugal	7:43 p. m.
Lima, Peru	3:04 p. m.
Milwaukee	2:18 p. m.
Indianapolis, Ind	2:35 p. m.
Montreal, Canada	[illegible] p. m.
New Haven, Conn	3:18 p. m.
Newport, R. I.	3:28 p. m.
New Orleans, La	2:11 p. m.
Ottawa, Canada	3:08 p. m.
Panama, New Granada	2:53 p. m.
Paris, France	8:19 p. m.
St. Petersburg, Russia	10:11 p. m.
St. Louis, Mo	2:11 p. m.
St. Johns, New Foundland	4:35 p. m.
St. Paul, Minn	1:58 p. m.
Smithtown, Jamaica	3:38 p. m.
Springfield, Mass	3:21 p. m.
Salt Lake City, Utah	12:43 p. m.
Tallahassee, Fla	2:33 p. m.
Vicksburg, Miss	2:08 p. m.
Wilmington, N. C.	2:59 p. m.
Washington, D. C.	3:01 p. m.

IT IS ARRANGED FOR THIS THOUGHT CONFERENCE TO BE SIMULTANEOUS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD, AND CONNECTIONS THEREFOR HAVE BEEN MADE BY *ADVANCE THOUGHT* IN LONDON, PARIS, BERLIN, VIENNA, ST. PETERSBURG, KOHAMA, MADRAS, PEKI RIO JANEIRO, ROME, C OF MEXICO, BUENO AYERS, HONOLULU, AND MANY OTHER CIT

OBJECT:

Through Unity in Aspira and Co-Operation of Thot to seek higher Truths Secure Universal Peace.

CONDITIONS:

Self must be lost sight o ing the half hour of Con ion and every soul giver Universal Love. Be w the side of the right and

TA PATHY.

he Better Way.

on the Threshold of the New Year.

BONFIELD, ILL., January 1, 1888.

not pleasant to say "farewell," lly to our cherished friends. We e often thought of this, often felt it; d though we had to part, the farewell reluctantly given. In the far West, d the Father of the Waters, in Illi-, and among the seaboard cities, as well as in my own beautiful Cincinnati, we have, during the past year, uttered that last word to many loved ones. We felt it keenly at the close of our college course for 1887, at the American Health College. We gave our hand to some whom we have long known; whose friendships are highly prized. These friendships become clearer to us as we pass out into busy life; they form a pleasing subject for reflection, and throw a light along our pathway even where shadows seem to fall.

There are memories as well as affections in the human heart—the talisman of the past and the panorama of the soul. It reaches out beyond the tomb, and brings us messages from eternity—from those whom we first loved in the happiest moods and sweetest expressions. The mists of time may dim memories fainting, but when retouched by the Great Spirit they are brought in renewed splendor—

"Thou fadest not by length of years
Nor yet by age grow old."

ut our thoughts are wandering without restraint; one word for our college associations at Fairmount.

A greeting to our valued friend, Professor Campbell, the eminent author of Vitapathy, and, the not less worthy, his amiable wife, whom to know is to love; the members of class of 1887, Doctors Gough, Keough, Slicker, Kempf, Ritchey, Lamon, Read, Donahue, Kiddell, Lindner, Seymour, Rinehart, and many others as fondly remembered. While we pay a tribute to the old, its pleasant recollections and delightful incidents, let us mingle in the crowd of worshippers at the shrine of the new year:—

Brothers and sisters in Vita,
List to our greeting to-day;
Many and rich be the blessings
Showered this year over thy way;
Few be the sorrows before you
Let whatever trials may come;
May the Great Spirit watch over thee,
Guiding safe through the gloom.

White are the fields for the harvest,
Vitalis needed to-day;
Let not a hand shun its duty,
Let not a foot lingering stray.
The spirits and all the bright angels
Comfort a thousand times o'er
Those, who this bright New Year's morning,
Gladden each heart evermore.

EMMA HAGAN, M. D.

How is it Done.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

I have read with some interest the articles in your paper on Vitapathy, and its superior methods of diagnosing disease, but have failed to learn from the various authors just how it is done. I go to the regular physician and he feels of my pulse looks at my tongue, sounds my chest, and from outward manifestations guesses at the disease within, and if he is still in doubt, looks at his book and finds out what to prescribe.

I go to the clairvoyant, and he tells me how I feel, when and where I contracted the disease, as well with his eyes blinded as with them open. This last power, if well developed, seems to be perfect; but I believe in investigation, and am in favor of any method for advancing medical science which stands on its own merits and does not deny its source of power by any evasive cognomen, and I would now ask, in all candor, how does Vitapathy diagnose disease, and through what source does its superior power come?

Yours for bottom facts,

MINNEAPOLIS. A. F. MANLY.

Freedom of Thought.

The appeal for freedom of thought is the aspiration of the democratic masses throughout the world to-day. Religion is arrayed itself against the intellectual progress of the age. It is laying its heavy [illegible] on our intellectual institutions. Science will have proof at all hazard—religion pursues a narrow path; science is ahead—religion lags behind in the march of progress. The extent of human suffering shows how little has been done to solve the great problem—the relief of our fellow men. Philanthropy, instead of the luxury of the few, should be the necessity of the many. What has religion done in this regard? Tract and other kindred societies may do some good in their way, but they do not feed hungry bodies. [illegible] reward in the future life is [illegible] they give to the suffering [illegible] does not lead to the highest [illegible] time; we cannot be at peace [illegible] by the moral law. The Ten Commandments needed no divine inspiration to their force. Morality is a [illegible] nature. The outer and inner should harmonize. They do not, [illegible] will in the end. The fundamental defect in the old Catholic movement in Europe is the want of men of [illegible] ued with love to preach the doctrine. There was plenty of brain, but no [illegible] one of the great social needs of the help of the suffering masses. [illegible] are only on the surface—not broad enough. Prevention, not the cure, should be the [illegible] A number of model tenement [illegible] those erected by Peabody in [illegible] would do more to put down grog- [illegible] all the temperance societies. [illegible] of all questions in sound re- [illegible] moral question, and it is the [illegible] to solve this great prob- [illegible] dier.

SPIRIT MESSAGES.

Through the mediumship of HELEN MARR CAMPBELL, Washington, D. C., by the Controlling Intelligence, King Henry VIII.

1.

I am Mary Burman. My son is a butcher, and lives on Cadwalader street, four doors above Thompson, Philadelphia. I have a granddaughter and a daughter to whom I would send love. Ask my daughter to go to the Spiritualist hall near there, and I may come and say more to her. I don't want Dick to go on the cars.

MARY BURMAN.

2.

I am Alice Piere. My mamma is Alice Piere, and lives in Pittsburg. When I went away, she went crazy. That was because she was so sick, but a pretty song Lily sung, "Gethsemane," made her get better. Now this has been twelve years ago, and I only say "baby" because mamma will know me that way. Please, mamma think she's got to wait all the years till everybody dies on earth before she sees me, and I'm so sorry she don't know, because I see her every day. Please sir, Mister, you who make the paper, tell her it ain't so. Everybody knows my papa; he's rich and keeps the great coal place; and tell him to send it to Piere the coal merchant, and he'll get it.

I'm very thankfully,

ALICE PIERE.

3.

I am Martha Tolen. My parents live on West Lombard street, near Fremont, Baltimore, but when I passed away they lived on Front street. Sarah is not doing well. She must not allow that investment; if she does, it will be a dead loss to her and all of them. Please, dear sister, take my advice in the matter, and believe me; I would not tell you if I did not know.

MARTHA TOLEN.

4.

I am Frank Crowe. I lived in Augusta, Maine, and was employed there in the bell factory, that being the largest place of business then in town. I come in the hope of reaching Mrs. Putnam, now at Onset. I want to thank her for her kindness rendered my family. A lady came to her several months ago, asking for work; she will doubtless remember. She was a lady dressed in gray, with a very indifferent shawl as a wrap. Not only did Mrs. Putnam give her work, but she gave her kindness, sympathy and encouragement. This lady was my daughter, and I thank Mrs. Putnam with my whole soul, and I can only say that she will be blessed in proportion to her blessing. Respectfully,

FRANK CROWE

5.

I am Marian Beachamp Wyatt. My husband is Charles W. Wyatt, a lawyer of Baltimore. I return to this earth full of love and greeting for him. I come to earnestly beg him not to close his eyes against truth. God bless Lisa and Fanny; I am so thankful to have lived with them for a short time. I earnestly beg and crave pardon if I neglected my duty. I humbly ask pardon, more especially do I ask it of Lisa, your elder daughter. Dear one, best of husbands, again I entreat you, close not your eyes against the light.

Very earnestly and lovingly,

MARIAN BEACHAMP WYATT.

6.

I am Helen Marr Minnick, and I want to reach my cousin Thomas Decatur Haddaway, of Washington. I passed away when I was a little girl, when mamma lived alone in the country, and papa traveled around teaching. I'm very anxious to talk to somebody, and mamma won't let me talk so I must talk to my cousin. Our Decatur over here sends love; he's just the same as ever. I love him if he is queer, but other people don't, because they don't understand him. Now dear cousin, I'm only a little girl in experience, but if you will let me, I'd like to talk to you often. Ask the dear medium on Twelfth street if I can't; I think he'll let me, don't you? This is my first letter to my cousin.

Good bye dear, for the present,

HELEN MARR MINNICK.

7.

I am Gustavus Adolphus, known to you all as the king of Sweden, who took so prominent a part in the religious wars of Europe, well known to all readers of history. I come in order to advise with one, Dr. Julian, my most precious charge. I desire him to find a medium, through whom I may communicate. There are matters of business which require his immediate attention. All the loved ones from the other shore send greeting and blessing for the coming year, and I, with the rest, will do all in my power to render his earth life both prosperous and happy.

Very faithfully,

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS,
King of Sweden.

8.

I am Harry Sanford. My home is in Schenectady, N. Y. I departed this life about three years since through an accident to a building. I was upon the scaffold and it broke. I have a mother, Elizabeth Sanford, and a wife, Jennie Sanford, about whom I am very anxious. I had no time to make proper arrangement and I fear Friendship Lodge has not paid its dues properly. I think if Jennie will take my insignias, all will be attended to. HARRY SANFORD.

He that does a base thing in zeal for his friend burns the golden thread that ties their hearts together.

1888

BY EMMA TRAIN.

O! glad New Year, we welcome thee
With all thy wondrous joys divine;
Before thy might we bow the knee,
And at thine entrance build our shrine.
Far better than the past has brought—
The precious gifts you offer now,
Far truer than the past has taught—
The truths you twine for mortal brow.

A thousand years must pass away,
In chronicle of mortal dates,
Before will dawn the natal day
Again of three returning eights.
A thousand years of care and scorn,
A thousand years of peace and strife;
Where shall we stand upon that morn
That opens with its pulsing life?

O! through what mighty realms unknown
Shall we ascend with tireless feet?
What wisdom seek and make our own?
What broken idols find complete?
How will these petty lives appear
When downward through the space we gaze,
And from the wonders of that sphere
Seek out the light of these dim days?

O! will there be at that far date
Some chain to bind us in our flight?
Some dreadful cloud of earthly hate
To hide the spirit's truer light?
Some dark, undying wrong of earth?
Some evil scarcely understood,
To shut away the purer worth
That is for spirits wise and good?

Some holy deed we failed to do
While dwelling on the plain below?
Some seed entrusted fair and true,
Our restless hand forgot to sow?
Some needy one we did not aid?
Some distant, weary, saddened chime?
Some mighty gloom that will not fade,
E'en after all this lapse of time?

In humbleness we bow the head
And ask thy guidance, Wiser One,
That after all these years are fled
Our labors here may seem well done.
May no grim spector e'er arise
From out the dim, mysterious fen
To meet us with accusing eyes,
When these three eights occur again.

Christian Spiritualism.

NO. XV.

In the Protestant Episcopal book of common prayer, "the visible church of Christ on earth" is declared to be "a congregation of faithful men where the pure word of God is preached, and the sacrements (oaths) duly administered." This sounds very liberal and inclusive, and not only what are called "churches" but other societies into which persons are admitted by taking certain obligations upon themselves as members of the society, would come under the term church. All churches, societies and organizations of every kind originated in the thought for a benefit of some kind, either temporal or spiritual. Admitted that any organization which does not include all humanity must be narrow, yet all great things have small beginnings, and that which contains the greatest amount of truth, and can do the most good for humanity, will absorb eventually all that others may have discovered. What our duty is in the matter, is to "prove all things" and, having found goodness and truth, hold fast to it by making it a part of ourselves. When Paul exhorted the early Spirituulists not to forsake the assembling of themselves together, he could not have intended making it an obligation to go to the synagogue and listen to sermons and expositions of the law which they could not endorse, as so many churchmen of the present day apply his advice. All the accounts we have of those assemblies correspond with what we in our day call "seances." The followers of Jesus of Nazareth had to meet secretly, if they wished to speak of him and the work left to be done. That work was to heal the sick, raise the dead, cleanse the lepers and cast out devils. He gave them this power, and proved to them that they had it, by the result of their labors. They were also impressional media, for they were told to take no thought as to what they should speak when brought before rulers and kings for a testimony against them, "for it is not ye that speak but the spirit of your Father which speaketh in you."

The church of Rome has in it many practices entirely consistent with spiritual fact, and which cannot be explained on any other ground. Of course the practice and precept of that church in cramping the faculties of its members, by assuming all responsibility and declaring nothing to be true that does not come through the church, and that everything taught by the church is true, because the church teaches it, is injurious in the exreme, and no man or woman with any sense of morality and progress would endorse such teaching, if they thought about it.

Ah, yes! there's the trouble; people are not often taught to think, and, "as the twig is bent, the tree is inclined." Spiritualists claim to be free from all dogmas and creeds, but are they always the better for it? Does their freedom make them kind, gentle and helpful? Does their liberty make them search for the true and good in all things and in all men? If so, they are the better for their Spiritualism, but if it leads them to delight in condemnation, to covet evil with the excuse that they were made so and could not help it, they are blind, and saying they see, therefore they shall have the more responsibility in the time when they know themselves as God knows them. It is one thing to condemn evil unsparingly; it is quite another to mercilessly persecute the doer, who perhaps would give his right hand to undo the wrong.

At one time the church of Rome was the only Christian church, and many grand good spirits have lived and died in that organization. Pio Nono is now making a mighty effort to control and use the N. D. C. for the purification of the present Roman Catholic church. Perhaps this is why some of your correspondents think the National Developing Circle a machine for narrowing down Spiritualism. There are multitudes of Jesuits in the spirit-life who would make Spiritualism a vast despotism, but not with Pio Nono's aid. his aura is pure and bright, and his work is to purify his own church May God bless his efforts. Ignatius Loyola is also now on the side of light and truth, and began his work of progress last summer. It was our privilege to hear his first impressional address through an elderly minister of the Prostestant Episcopal church. His text was, "Know ye not that ye are the temple of the living God? and that the spirit of God dwelleth in you? If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy, for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." The little church appeared, to a clairvoyant, crowded with Jesuit priests, both dark and bright, and, when the extempore address ended, they remarked to each other, "the power of Rome is broken." This may have meant a great deal more than the representative dogmatic church, even the principles of oppression deception and degradation which have held sway for so many centuries.

We know that the world's soul communion is doing much to aid the spirit forces in bringing about not only peace and harmony, but great strength, mentally and morally, which only a pause for thought can bring to this busy world. It is one way of taking the mental forces from material things and putting them into a passive or receptive condition. Could grand old Paul join us now, he would apply "forsake not the assembling of yourselves together" to the soul communions. for God will surely pour a blessing upon those who seek it. C. M. KEITH.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Written for The Better Way.

Spirit Manifestations at Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Please allow us to give an account of one of the many wonderful seances which we have attended in this city, Mr. J. K Perkins being the medium, the first part of the seance being a dark seance, and the last part light; and when we say light we mean it, not semi-darkness. There were present twelve persons. A stand three feet across the top was placed in the centre of the room. On it was put a guitar, banjo, three bells, a paper trumpet, some tablets of writing paper, a zither, pencils, etc. Chairs were placed around the stand, and we were requested to sit in them, the medium sitting between one of our number and a lady who was an entire stranger to every one in the circle, except one gentleman, and who never before sat in one of Mr. Perkins's circles. The sitters were requested to carefully examine the instruments, tablets and table, which was done very thoroughly. The sitters joined hands, the gentleman aforesaid holding the right hand of the medium. The light was placed in another room by the medium's wife, who immediately resumed her seat in the circle. Her seat was nearly opposite the medium. The manifestations commenced in about a minute. The guitar rose to the ceiling of the room, the banjo and zither followed suit. Then the bells and trumpet went into the air, all of them playing in different parts of the room at the same time. While many voices spoke through the trumpet, the different instruments were carried around the room with the speed of an express train, if one could judge by the sound and the breeze created by their swift movements. We wish to state right here that the medium's hand was held firmly. We know that he did not move. We positively know that both his hands were fast, for they were firmly held. The banjo, bells, zither, guitar and trumpet were all in the air at this same instant, and all playing. The tablets on the table could be heard moving about. After a short time the instruments ceased playing and writing messages commenced. The writing could be plainly heard; the leaf would be torn off and folded and placed in the hands or pocket of the sitter for whom it was written. The writing followed the ruled lines as accurately as could be done by a human hand in daylight. The messages were signed by the spirit friends of the sitters, or the controls of the medium. Spirit lights were shown, sometime small and sparkling, everywhere in the circle and out of it, darting in all directions; then would come a light that seemed to be about two inches in diameter and resembled a ball of fire, perfectly luminous with in itself; but it did not seem to have the power to shed its light on anything with which it came in contact. It darted first to one side of the circle, then to another, and then suddenly disappeared.

Lights were called for by raps on the stand or wall, frequently during the seance, so that the sitters could see what shape things were in. The medium, several times when the light was called for, would change places in the circle, sitting first between two for a time, and then between the next two, and so on around the circle, in order to give all a chance to hold him. Hands come and patted the sitters on the head, shoulders and face. The stand was picked up and carried over the heads of the sitters and put down on the floor outside the circle. Such, in brief, are a few of the manifestations that took place in the dark seance.

Now, we will try to describe the light circle: The light was brought and placed on the stand, everything else being removed. There were then placed on the stand several slates. The sitters were requested to examine the slates and clean them thoroughly. Mr. Perkins took two of them placed together in the bright light, without any pencil between, and asked one of the sitters to take hold with him, and immediately the sound of writing was heard between them. When they were taken apart there was a plainly written message, signed by a spirit friend of the sitter. This was many times repeated, with almost every one in the circle. The medium then took two of the slates. We examined them and they were perfectly clean. He placed them together and handed them to a little girl about eight years of age (Mabel Teener by name) and told her to go to the farther side of the room, holding them high above her head She did so. Mr. Perkins stood up and reached out his hands towards her; she being fully fourteen feet away from him. Every vein in the medium's face stood out, almost bursting, showing him to be undergoing a terrible mental strain. It was only for an instant; then she was called back. The medium told her to lay the slates on the stand and open them. On the top of the under slate was written the name of Zollner, Brentwood and Converse. The two latter are the controls of the medium. We watched the whole proceedings very closely. The slates were not out of sight of any of the circle one instant. We have seen the medium get instantaneous writing on one or two occasions in bright light, without a pencil. Mr. Perkins is doing a good work, and every skeptic who attends his circles goes away satisfied of the truth of spirit return. Mr. Perkins has held these circles for the past year, and does not charge an admission fee, as he is sitting for better development.

Quite a number of Hollanders have attended the circles, many of them receiving messages in the Hollandaise language, and they are getting very much interested.

[Signed] JAMES RUSSEL,
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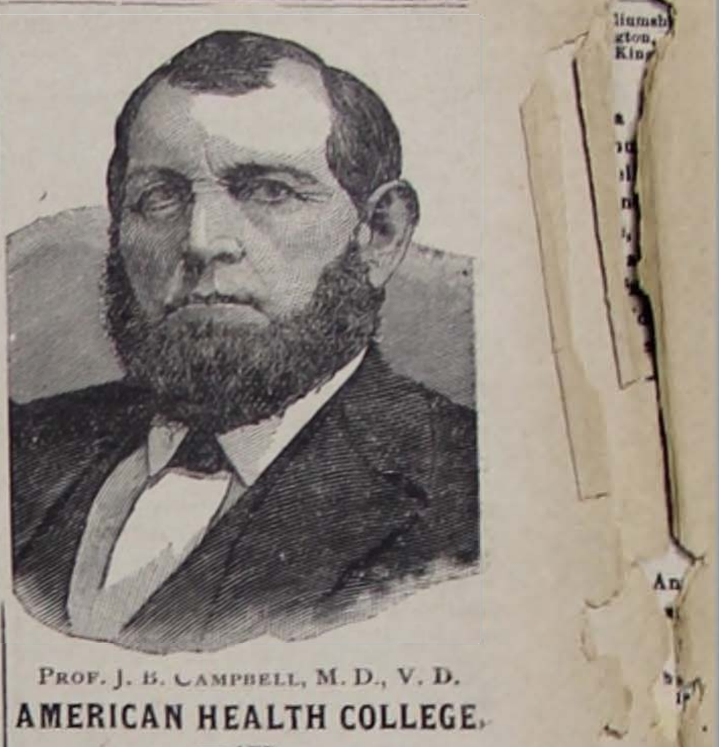

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His Ghostly Visitants.

BY HELEN STURART-RICHINGS.

In The Better Way of October 22 I read an article with the above caption quoted from the Chicago Inter-Ocean, and thought it might add to its interest to supplement by the statement of two other eye witnesses. While in Pittsburgh recently I had the pleasure of meeting with Dr. Dunshee and his wife, from whom I obtained a full coroboration of at least a part of the phenomena which form the basis of the quoted article. Dr. Dunshee resided in Jamaica, in the West Indies, for some two or three years, and a part of the time occupied the very house alluded to, called Jasimine cottage. During their stay in the cottage the doctor and his wife were visited by the spirit of the Commissary General, but at no time saw any one with him. The doctor's account of the "visits" was given with much graphic detail; and, with the exception of the appearance of the Commissary's wife, tallied, even to the minutia, with that of the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

I can yet vividly recall a scene in which I took a passive, though interested part—a scene that formed a fitting background for the word picture the conversation supplied, and for which the above title is so appropriate I may be pardoned for borrowing it.

It was in the winter of 1885. With my husband I was spending it in Florida, traveling about from place to place as inclination led. Early in February we visited Tallahassee, and while there accepted an invitation to call on the Rev. Father Joseph, a priest of the Roman Catholic Church.

Common report had it that the reverend father resided in a "haunted house," but this, instead of deterring us from making the promised call, added a delightful flavor of expectancy to the anticipations of pleasure to be derived from an evening with this erudite scholar and polished gentleman.

There is but a brief twilight at this season in this latitude, and it was quite dark when, early in the evening, we lifted the knocker on the door of a large old-fashioned Southern mansion, standing a little back from the broad street among thickly clustering magnolias and japonicas. We had driven past the place in the daytime and noted the evidences of a once handsome garden, the capacious covered porch, so common in the South, and that always seems reaching out to take you in its hospitable shelter and embrace—the many windows of the two-storied structure, with heavy wooden shutters closed, and the general air of "spookiness" that hung over it all; and a slight shiver passed down the spinal column as we listened to the wind stirring the branches of the two weird cedar trees that overshadowed the gate, and waited for the opening of the door.

Did you ever see a real old-time Southern fireplace with a roaring pine-knot fire in it? No. Then you have missed one of the most cheering, comforting, enchanting, dream-inducing, delightful experiences in the world.

No sooty soft coal or sentimental anthracite, no envious wood stove or methodical gas pipe ever gave forth such a splendor, such thrilling hints of untold glories, ever marshalled such visions of beauty and grandeur, ever roused such brilliant hopes and built such noble castles; or ever lulled into such delicious dreams its votary, as the sweet-smelling, crackling, sparkling, scintillating, glowing pine-knot fire, burning in the only arms fit to receive it—a capacious, brick-hearted, dog-ironed, high-mantled, democratic old Southern fireplace.

Before such a fire we were soon seated with our host and another guest, Father R——, a visiting priest from the far West.

What a contrast with the ruddy fire lighting up the dark wainscoting and playing hide-and-seek with the shadows in the corners, to the preconceived idea of a haunted house!

On every hand, from the well fitted book-cases to the Leyden jars on a side-table were the evidences of study, thought and scientific investigation. But no such evidences as these were necessary to convince us we were in the presence of a man of acute intelligence, supplemented by intellectual research; a man of that breadth and discernment that bespeaks one who has studied men among men, and that suavity untinctured by sycophancy that proclaims the true Frenchman.

For an hour or more we listened to the words of wit and wisdom that fell in pleasant cadences from his lips, thrilled by his earnestness, amused by his vivacity and fascinated by the play of expression over lip and brow and eye.

But you will say, what has all this got to do with "Ghostly Visitants" and haunted houses?

Why, that's the background and the artist. Now for the picture:

"But you don't believe in ghosts?" said Father R——, in the tone of one who might have added—"you're a fool for your pains if you do"—but was deterred by the respect due Father Joseph as his superior (not alone in "holy" orders) and host. "Well, I don't know about ghosts," said Father Joseph, slowly, 'but let me tell you something that I know to be a fact, account for it as you may. Noises are heard in this very house that can only be caused by—"Rats!" facetiously interpolated Father R—some power having intelligence, unrecognized as yet by science."

Ah! It was coming now. And glancing around as the settling logs threw a shadow hehind us, we drew our armchair closer to the speaker and prepared to catch and treasure ever word.

"This house, although it has been used successively as a convent and church, was build for a private residence." After the war, passing out of its owners hands, it was rented by one family after another during a period of several years. One of the first families to rent it were believers in Spiritualism.

During their occupancy, according to common report, seances were frequently held and demonstratons sought for of the presence of the spirits of the dead. With what success may, perhaps, be inferred from the fact that after that family moved away every succeeding servant declared that the house was haunted. Strange noises, footsteps where no person walked, doors and windows opened without hands, flashing lights and mysterious raps were said to be of daily and nightly occurrence.

Family moved in and family after family moved out of the house after a trial of longer or shorter duration, according to the nerve and "staying" qualities of the various tenants, until at last no one could be persuaded, even with the inducement of a nominal rental, to live in it.

It had stood empty and shunned for a long time when the Sisters of——, desiring to locate in Tallahassee, saw, examined, and finally purchased it for a convent.

They had not been in the house a week before the Mother Superior came to me with a tale of terror among the nuns on account of the st[illegible] noises heard at night. I "pooh[illegible]ed!" Assured the good mother th[illegible]t it was all imagination, and advised her to have the sisters say an extra prayer before retiring.

In a day or two she came again. 'Indeed I must do something to rid them of the persecution of the evil one. Would I not come to the convent and perform the ceremony of exorcism? If not, then they would be compelled to leave it, as no one could sleep at night, and the poor nuns were kept in terror by the mysterious footsteps that followed them about in their daily avocations.' Although convinced in my own mind that the current reports about the house had acted upon the imagination of the sisters, I proceeded to the convent and went through the ceremony of exorcism according to the rules prescribed by the holy church, afterwards blessing it by the use of holy water, prayer and the sign of the holy cross.

But, according to the account of the superior, the very night folowing the ceremony, just after the nuns had retired, the noise began again. It sounded as though the place had been converted into a veritable pandemonium. Shutters and doors that had been carefully closed and secured banged to and fro; in a room known to be vacant a chair rocked back and forth; footsteps paced slowly up and down the halls; showers of raps fell on the ceiling, wall, floor and furniture, following the panic-stricken nuns from room to room as they sought escape from their invisible tormentors. Each succeeding night was a repetition of the first, until the nuns, like the previous tenants, succumbed to the persistency of their persecutors and left.

The house was soon after b[illegible]ght for use as a church, the large double dr[illegible]ing-rooms doing service for a chapel, and the rest of the building for the pastor's residence. I, being in charge of the parish, at once took possession."

"And did you hear anything?" w[illegible] eagerly inquired.

"Hear anything?" replied Father Joseph, with a smile. "For many a week I seemed to have little use for any other sense than that of hearing No sooner did my head touch the pillow that the orgie began. At first I was confident that the noises might all be traced to natural causes, and had floors ripped up, mopboards removed and the house searched from garret to cellar, but in vain, for rats. I have sat up all night many a time watching for the practical joker who banged the heavy shutters, but I never caught him; and, on going to examine the windows, invariably found each shutter exactly as I had left it on fastening for the night. I have sat in this very room—here Father R——threw a quick glance over his shoulder and edged a little nearer to his neighbor—and heard, in my sleeping room just above, a noise as if books and papers were being thrown down violently on the floor, when, hurrying up stairs, expecting to find everything in confusion, and unlocking the door—the key of which I always carry in my pocket—I found everything in perfect order just as I had left it.

Once, sitting here, I heard a crash overhead, and springing to my feet hurried up, to find the shovel and tongs lying in front of the fireplace, at least three feet from where they had been leaning against the chimney, and placed across each other in the form of the letter X, the distance from the chimney and the manner in which they were placed utterly precluding the possibility of accident; and yet the door had been locked and the key in my pocket. There was silence for a moment, during which an almost forgotten dream rose before my mental vision. * * *

Darkness, silence, expectancy. * * * A closed door, sensced not seen in the blackness * * * * Voices faint and far * * * * Music low and sweet, rising in the wind in the trees * * * * A soft glow, like faintest dawn in eastern skies * * * * A widening crack beneath the door * * * A flood of light * * * A shining floor * * * A multitude of fair white feet. Somewhere a voice—"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of them that bring glad tidings!" * * * Joy, peace rising Nile like to inundate the soul, then—an ecstatic swoon.

And now some invisible thread seemed to link that dream with the present.

The pine knots were a heap of coals. Father Joseph rose and threw some fresh ones across the polished brass "dogs."

A puzzled but incredulous smile played over Father R——'s smooth face.

"Don't you think," he said, as Father Joseph reseated himself, "that all that is attributable to electricity?" "Electricity! Is electricity an intelligence, then? Let me show you;" and starting up in the quick, decisive manner peculiar to him, Father Joseph took something from a drawer in his study table, and holding it out in his hand, went on speaking rapidly, in low, earnest tones—"Look at that! (two of his listeners recognized planchette) Is it possessed of life, intelligence? No. Yet I sit down here alone in my study, at that table, and wearied with attempts to solve an abtruse, scientific problem, I rest my hand lightly on this little bit of board. A shiver passes over me. My hand trembles. The board moves, and this pencil here writes. Back and forth, from one side of the paper to the other, it glides without effor: or volition on my part—without knowledge even of what is being written. It stops; another shiver; my hands falls; I remove the board and read—the solution of my problem? Is that electricity? Has that a soul?"

He paused. Silence, save for the snap and crackle of the fire, and the wind in the magnolias outside the window.

"Or—was that board the medium through which a disembodied intelligence manifested itself, through which another mind reached mine? I believe it was."

"The devil!" added father R——sotto vocc, devoutly crossing himself. Just then the little bronze clock on the mantel chimed ten.

"Hush!" exclaimed Father Joseph, holding up his hand to emphasize the command, "Sister!"

As the last stroke of the hour ceased to vibrate on the ear, while Father Joseph stood with uplified hand and each guest seemed holding his breath the better to hear, there sounded a distinct "rap" on the wainscotting of an interior wall, behind Father R——, who sprang to his feet with a—"saints defend us!" Father Joseph smiled. "That," said he, "is a signal I receive every night just after the clock strikes ten. I am accustomed to it now, and it no longer startles me.

Indeed, soon after I began to recognize these sounds as having an intelligent origin, they subsided, and now, beyond such raps as you have just heard, I seldom hear anything of an unusual nature."

A few moments later, having shaken hands with our host and his clerical guest, and thanked the former for a delightful and never-to be-forgotten evening, we passed out from under the sentinel-like cedars, and turned for one more look at the haunted house.

It looked darkly up among the trees; its front and pillared porch in deep shadow, intensified by the white patch of moonlight that lay between the gate and steps, suggesting Longfellows beautiful lines—beautiful in proportion to the depth of our perception of their truth:

"The spirit world, around this world of sense,
Floats like atmosphere * * * *
* * * * *
And, as the moon from some dark gate of cloud,
Throws, o'er the sea, a floating bridge of light,
Across whose trembling planks our fancies crowd
Into the realm of mystery and night—

So, from the world of spirits, there descends
A bridge of light, connecting it with this,
O'er whose steady floor, that sways and bends,
Wander our thoughts above the dark abyss.

More Evidence.

To the Editor of The Better Way.

Your space is crowded, but let me relate a remarkable case.

Lot Moffet was an uncle of the writer, and was one of the first settlers of St. Paul. He passed to spirit life from that place sixteen years ago. I have just returned from a visit with three daughters of his, living in St. Paul. They are women of high standing in the town, and unimpeachable; none of them claim to be Spiritualists. From one of these, Mrs. Margarette Ayres, I gathered the following recital:

Her father left a will, and named his executor. Some time after the father's death the ex[illegible]utor came to the heirs with an account of [illegible]work so far, showing an indebtedness of the estate to him of $800, and desiring the heirs to sign a paper endorsing his account. This cousin refused to sign the paper. About this time a Mr. Ryder, who kept a fur store adjoining uncle's hotel, (and still does, and confirms what I write) came to this cousin w[illegible]he statement that her father had come to him at different times through a lady medium at St. Paul, and who uncle never knew, and stated that his executor was trying to rob his children, and he desired this daughter, Mrs. Ayres, to visit the medium. She went, Ryder going with her. There the medium pointed out errors in the account of the executor, and acted as if she had the account before her. The father desired this daughter to go to a certain place in the city where she would find a lawyer by the name of Warner; (he would be in his shirt sleeves;) and to employ him to help settle the estate. She told me she did not know there was a lawyer in St. Paul of that name. She went to the place designated, and found a man sitting in his shirt sleeves, who said his name was Warner. She employed him, and the result was that instead of the estare owing the executor $800, as claimed at that time, he owed the estate $1,300, and it was settled on that basis. The programme of the executor in other important matters was changed, greatly to the benefit of the heirs.

And now I want a little space to commend the article of Lois Waisbroker, in No. 19-20 of The Better Way.

The people of this earth will never get their political, religious, or social rights, or any other rights, till the power of the church is destroyed. It is a bloody religion, based on the idea of a blood-loving God. Its history is written in blood. It shows no mercy to any who don't bow at its shrine. It is the hot-bed of caste. It takes to its bosom, and has in its fold, the great robbers of the people—the titled thieves and murderers of the old world, and the monopolists and ringsters of the new world. It calls for the blood of the peoples' advocates, and has just murdered five of them in Chicago, and incarcerated three more for life.

It has stricken down freedom of speech and of the press in this country, and seeks to wipe out all religious liberty. It will throttle Spiritualism if it can get the power, and will hang its advocates with as much gusto as it hung Parsons, *et al.*

How it is possible for Spiritualists to countenance this cruel monster, is a mystery to me. It enslaves its voteries in this life and damns them in the next.

Come out of her, O, my people, or ce[illegible] claim you are Spiritualists. Sto[illegible]g your children to their Sunday S[illegible]. You know they learn lies there wh[illegible] must unlearn here or in spirit life. H[illegible]an you justify yourselves? Their cri[illegible] light in spirit life will be your torment [illegible]ake warning.

Yours, fo[illegible]nsistency,
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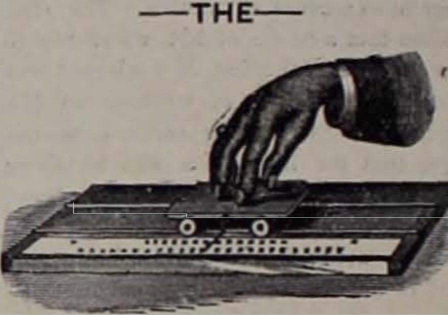

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Wandering Spirits.

(Concluded from Page First.)

ty. The time has passed away for that, and the time for spiritual redemption is at hand. Then recognize these wandering spirits about you. Do not wait for them to write their names and tell you how they died, and then ask them what you can do for them; but pray earnestly that a power may descend upon you that will open your spiritual vision and enable you, first to see your own condition, and then the condition of those about you. As you sense their necessities and minister to them, they, in their tireless, fearful seeking after a centre of spiritual truth, will rest like babes in the arms of your love, and you shall grow in spirit together. When you pray for this spiritual insight, O, friends, you will learn what wandering spirits you yourselves are. As day by day you seek the pleasures of this life, or go from this pastime to that business, from this point to that, never satisfied, never at rest; but when you form these circles and pray for this divine power, there will come to you a peace and rest, and calm as sweet as came to the Theosophists and true Occultists of old. Every one of you in this nineteenth century may become as spiritual, as beautiful, as true, as clean as the few of long ago, who labored first to emancipate themselves, and then to free others. Oh! be not selfish and seek to drive these wandering spirits away; but give them your love and sympathy as freely as you would have God give you His love and sympathy, when, having grown beyond babes, you seek for a higher knowledge of Him. Having become spiritual centres for the first time you will begin to aspire to know truly what the great Creator Himself is, and ask for a portion of His knowledge to be mirrored upon your souls.

Written for The Better Way.

Dreams and Visions.

BY M. B. X, WRIGHT.

Of all the mysterious subjects which interest and puzzle the human mind, none, it would seem, come nearer the heart or further from the understanding, than those of dreaming and visions. All sorts of notions are entertained concerning their cause and the peculiar nature of them. Some suppose them to arise from the influence of disease or some fervid state of the imagination; others think they are the result of previous impressions, enthusiastic action of the mind, or excitement on account of care and trouble. There are those who place much confidence in their dreams, and those who consider them as worthless conceits of the brain. The desultory and eccentric form often imparted to dreams, render the study of them somewhat difficult if not unpleasant. Why they should come in "such questionable shape" is a matter of great wonder, and the direct cause of our doubts and varying views concerning them. In ancient times dreams were just as common as they are now, and were by many confided in as the work of demons, spirits and angels. Nearly all of the bible prophets were dreamers and visionists, and they placed unbounded if not often absurd confidence in these psychical impartations. The ancient Jews, as a people, are said to have paid great regard to dreams, and there were those among them who devoted their time to their interpretation, both as a private and public duty. This trade or custom was common among the Egyptians, and Nebuchadonezzar is an instance of it among the Chaldeans. By some monarchs it was forbidden to explain the meaning of dreams unless the interpreter or prophet was appointed by the state. It was presumed that only those who were divinely gifted. as soothsayers or prophets, could properly deal with the mystery of dreams. It was regarded as a high and dignified office to be an oracle to the king. Hence the honored dream-interpreter and prophet was protected by royal edict, or law, against unauthorized dreamers and expounders of dreams. In some Instances these outsiders, who were forbidden to observe dreams or explain them, were put to death for their temerity in trespassing upon the law.

We cannot regard such severity or such ancient customs as an evidence of much wisdom on the part of rulers or law-makers concerning the origin and nature of dreams, but we can easily see that dreaming and visions, as well as kindred mental phenomena, were generally looked upon with awe and superstition, and, that with those who were better acquainted with them, they were made use of with approval, as sacred aids to life's duties as well as, often, more selfish objects. Looking upon the subject of dreaming from a broad standpoint, we may safely assume that everybody dreams. Even the slumbering infant in its cradle gives frequent symptoms of unconscious mental action and thought. All animals, and even birds, are believed to be subject to dreams. They undergo all the muscular movements and manifest all the characteristics peculiar to this abnormal condition of mind.

It is asserted by physiologists, that, during moments of absolute slumber, there is a complete suspension of the consciousness of external things. When mental activity occurs in sleep, of which we subsequently retain some remembrance, it is called the state of dreaming. We are not informed as to the cause of such informal action of our mental faculties, nor is it generally admitted that they are produced by extraneous agencies. By scientists we are led to infer what we may concerning dreams. The subject encroaches upon the question of a higher life and the influence of disembodied intelligences, and is therefore left at the mercy of skepticism and unbelief. In the light of modern discoveries in mesmerism and psychology, it has become a settled conviction with all close observers that the human mind or the animal mind, for that matter, is a mere machine composed of refined organic elements subject to the control of self-imposed will-force, or, may be, the corresponding power of another's will. It is not believed that mind is, in itself, capable of intelligent, orderly unconscious action. There must exist some self-cognizant thought, in order to cause the faculties of the mind to move in conscious recognition of facts, circumstances and things.

When we sleep the will-power is at rest, and the convergent elements of the mind which repose upon the will would not of themselves proceed to action without some prompting motive. The very eccentric operations of thought, and the senses in the state of sleep, are conclusive evidence that we are not the cause or instigators of them ourselves. In the dreams which are common to us all, we seem to engage in all the actions of life, and many that are never conceived of. We realize every emotion; we get into trouble; suffer intensely, or enjoy pleasure and happiness unbounded. Our reasoning processes are often rendered clear and perfect to an extent far above our natural capacity. Condorcet solved a most difficult problem in a dream. Tartini composed the "Devils Sonata," in the state of sleep. As soon as he awoke, he took up his violin to reproduce the composition. This he very nearly accomplished, but, he says, he could never equal the performnnce of his distinguished visitor in dreamland.

Those who claim that dreams are self-induced, cite as evidence the concurrent action of mind in the state of sleep, with certain acts of others in the normal condition. Dr. Gregory, for example, states that he placed a bottle of hot water to his feet at bed-time, and dreamed that he was walking up Mt Ætna, where he found the ground insufferably hot. Another physician applied a blister to his head, on retiring, and dreamed that he was scalped by Indians.

Now, what are we to think of such cases as these? We are at once envolved in the smoke and mist of dreams. The mystery attached to the process and cause, can only be solved after careful study. We know that mind moves and is moved, that it acts and is acted upon. We are quite certain that no action takes place without cause or motive, and that intelligence or some dynamic power always governs, or is fundamental to a cause or motion. The simple fact that a bottle of hot water placed in contact with the feet of a sleeper was followed by a dream of walking up Mt. Ætna, on the burning earth, does not prove that the hot bottle was anything more than the remote cause of it. There may be a deeper concurrent cause, a simultaneous action or impression upon the mind of the slumberer to prevent the blistering of his feet, or some other injury from water too hot for use. The writer knew of an instance where an old lady friend of his placed a very hot brick in her bed, to warm it. Having retired and passed into the state of sleep, she dreampt that she was walking through a field of nettles and weeds, and, as she passed along, a vicious serpent appeared at her feet and tried to bite her. In her fright, she screamed for help, and the shock aroused her from her sleep only to find that her bed was on fire and the room full of smoke. Had it not been for the dream she would, in all probability, have been smothered or burned to death.

The mystery of a dream is often the very source of its value. When a person overeats, bad dreams are apt to follow, so the superficial thinker attributes them to an overloaded stomach. Is there any time when an unpleasant dream could be more appropriate than when we are in danger, or have done wrong; if it relieves us or cures us? May it not be that even in case of excessive drinking, and where delirium tremens with its terrible train of visions has been experienced, the subject is reprehended for his folly by these very extraordinary impressions being imparted to his mind? We are told that it is the liquor that produces these consequences. While it is true that liquor is injurious to both body and brain, when used to excess, are we sure it produces the distorted visions which are experienced by the toper? The robber dreams of being caught and hung, the slave of his liberty and happiness. The robber may not be caught or executed, but the intimation that such might be his fate is timely. The slave may never obtain his freedom, but, being worthy of it, he is reminded of what it is, what it may be, sometime, to himself, and thus gains a foretaste of its enjoyments and pleasures.

There is no substantial evidence that our dreams are self-evoked. To think and act and move and do in sleep, are psychical rather than natural actions of the mind. The incongruity of dreams is used as an argument against their spiritual origin, but this idea is not self-supporting, since their very incoherence is, many times, the means of our correction or safety.

We do not wish to excuse the departed for the error, if it is one, of imparting distressing dreams to the subject of them. We are inclined to think that there is some remote and justifying reason for such psychological operations, where they occur. Dreams may be clothed with mystery because of the nearness of the dead to us, or to allay our solicitude concerning them and their state of existence.

The application of dreams to surrounding circumstances is well illustrated in my own experience, as an auditive medium. For many years I have kept a large apiary. In the spring of 1876 I had eighty-six swarms of bees located on their respective platforms in a small orchard, back of our residence. One day, in the month of June, as I was engaged in looking after them, I was accosted by "the still small voice" of my guardian, who said, "We are near you, brother; we have been examining the condition of your bees. You may think this rather singular, but we have an object in it. which you shall soon better understand." I heard nothing more at that time, and soon forgot about the matter. That night I had a dream or vision. I thought I was riding along a rough roadway in a carriage. The country was picturesque and beautiful to look upon. At length I found the road leading out upon a level plain. The carriage rolled on briskly. All at once I heard a loud, buzzing sound, and the horse abated his speed, shying off, at the same time, with fear. Looking about with anxiety, to discover the cause of the trouble, I discovered a large swarm of bees rising and flying about in every direction. I had no more than passed beyond danger from being stung by them, when up arose another swarm, then another, then another, until my horse became unmanageable; rearing and plunging as the bees lit upon him. Suddenly he took a short turn, ran into a fence, upset the carriage, and in the midst of the confusion—I awoke.

I had no sooner recovered my consciousness, when I heard the genial voice of my guardian, saying. "Now brother, you see how it is that we produce dreams, and how we connect them with the facts and circumstances of outward life. You are soon to have your hands full of business with your honey-bees." That is about all that was said. The next day, it being warm and pleasant, my bees began to swarm, and, at the end of one month, I had taken one hundred and forty new stocks of bees from the trees in my yard. The task was laborious, but I accomplished it without assistance. I have had many similar dreams imparted to my sleeping faculties. This has been done to instruct me in the nature and method of exciting these abnormal realizations.

Sometimes I have had to receive a lesson in this line that I did not like to bear, and so I would protest. But the guardian would say: "Well, it may not please you, but our law requires it. You should think how much we have to bear in looking down upon the earth. Everything is known to us. We see unpleasant things and endure much suffering in the spirit."

I have often been punished, mentally, for the utterance of hasty words, and for persistance in a wrong course. One of the plain facts established as a result of dreaming, is that the dead are constantly near us. Another is, that we little know how much care they realize on account of our misfortunes and troubles. How frequent it is that we suddenly change our minds, as if through an impulse, or think of something we had inadvertently forgotten. How often we think of absent friends just as they are coming to visit us. Are all of these circumstances simply coincidental? Nay, the mind is an instrument of wonderful plasticity and easy of access. It is moved or called into action by psychical power as easy as an organ is made to feel the touch of the musician's hand. Who cannot see it? Even Cæsar acknowledged it, for he wrote of divination and dreams. He said—although not as a compliment to the dead—that, "if it had been so ordered by nature that we should actually do in sleep all that we dream, we would all have to be bound down on going to bed." The anomalous nature of dreams and visions puzzled Cæsar as it has almost every one else. A recent autobiographical sketch of Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, by himself, which appeared in Scribner's Magazine, evinces a just comprehension of the value of dreams. He calls his dreams his Brownies or little people, who come to him with all kinds of good things and absurdities. But he says: "And yet how often have these sleeplesss Brownies done me honest service, and given me better tales than I could fashion for myself." He tells us that his life-work as an author is based upon dream-inspired suggestions. Here we have another medium in the harness. He cannot help it, if he would. Such things are common and not difficult to understand. Prof. W. H. Parker has recently intimated that there is reason for believing that there is all about us a world of life, which we do not see and cannot grasp, because of the limitations of sense. Here is the secret out! The dead are our next door neighbors, and we begin to realize it. Shall we not draw nearer to the mount of eternal life, and receive the light which the "little people in the air" seem so willing to give us.

Ignatius a Myth.

We were afraid it would come to this at last, but had a faint hope that it might not be in our time. Only think of the old man Donnelly as a myth! Think of the destroyer of Shakspeare not himself being a probable "actuality!"

But read this which we clip from a contempory journal:

"A valued correspondent, writing from Bureau Junction, expresses the hope that we will explain to our readers who Ignatius Donnelly is, and why there has been so much talk about him. That is a pretty hard thing to do.

"That the classical dictionaries say nothing about Donnelly; neither do the handbooks of modern myth and fable. Keightly's "Fairy Mythology" comes nearer to it than any other recognized authority we have yet consulted, for it devotes several pages to the discussion of spooks, flubdubs and bugaboos. Yet in all that we have read of imaginary terrors (and we have pursued tomes thereon) —in all the ingenious stuff we have perused about fairies, dwarfs, pixies, goblins, elves, flimflams, hippogriffs, brownies, giants, nixies, barguests, trolls, genii, peris, werewolves, lindworms, volkuyres, mermaids, sprites, ghouls, ghosts, kobolds, oufs, imps, banshees, sirens, deaves, wraiths, vampires, harpies, succubi, familiars, specters, fauns, satyrs, demons, incubi, pigwigeons, and flibbertergibbets—not one iota, grain, jot, or tittle of information have we been able to find bearing upon or appertaining to the most notorious myths of the present century—viz: Tom Collins and Ignatius Donnelly.

Suffice it, therefore, to presume that there are no such actualities; that if they exist at all, they exist merely in imagination—either creations of a morbid fancy, or symptoms of a disordered digestion."

Faculties of the Mind.

Man is so constituted, the Materialist [Freethinker, Secularist, Scientist, Agnostic, Infidel, etc.,] hold, that he has faculties and powers, by the exercise of which he can acpuire knowledge and better his condition, without any book revelation to guide him. The discipline and development of mind that results from his efforts to get knowledge are more valuable than his mere acquirements. Man has become what he is, we hold, by the use of his powers to better his condition. It is evident to us that all the wisdom in the Old Testament was learned by man's observation and experience. Man is more advanced now than formerly, and while he accepts what a larger experience and a more enlightened reason, approve, he rejects as erroneous and foolish much that was cherished in ancient times. Observation, experience and reason, and not a book-revelation, embodying the errors, as well as the wisdom of the past, are the highest and best guides for man.—[B. F. Underwood's "Materialism and Christianity."

Written for The Better Way.

A Midnight Burglary, and What Came of It.

BY ELLIOTT RAWSON.

Author of "Scattered Seeds," "The Strange Unknown," "Lawyer Dudley's Romance," etc.

Respectfully dedicated, by the Auditor, to those Wiseacres who do not Believe in Materialization.

CHAPTER I.—THE BURGLARY.

The night was dark and stormy; a drizzling rain descended from a leaden sky; a raw November fog enveloped everything in its misty mantle. The street lamps flickered dimly and uncertain through the heavy mist, with which every London citizen is familiar.

The last stroke of the midnight hour had just tolled from the massive belfry of the London tower, as two heavily-cloaked men emerged from the dark portals of a massive doorway on the Strand.

Glancing suspiciously up and down the street, they started at a brisk pace toward that portion of the city where the upper ten thousand hold forth in stately mansions.

A half hour's brisk walk brought them before a handsome house on Regent street; halting, they extracted from a small bag a slender chisel or "jimmy." Their actions were suspicious; ever on the alert, they commenced their nefarious operations.

"Giv' us a light here, Tom."

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Shut your mouth! you blating fool," hissed in a hoarse whisper.

"Blazes! I forget meself then, Sid. I can't get out on the sailor lingo."

"That'll do; now you keep outside here, with yer eyes peeled fer bobbys, dye hear? An' don't go an' make a blathering jackass out en yerself, if I happen ter giv' th' signal—understand?"

"Aye, a—"

"Confound yer thick-headed, formless carcass! can't yer keep yer big mouth shut, an' answer quietly, 'thout a yelling like a drunken luny? If yer open yer mouth agin ternight," fiercely, "I'll bray yer ugly carcass inter mush, d'ye hear?"

Ere Tom answered, his companion had noiselessly raised the sash and dropped inside.

Sliding the cover from a small lantern, he flashed its brilliant rays around the room. Threading his way stealthily to the adjoining room, he surveyed that in a like manner; and so on, throughout the entire lower floor.

"All right here," he thought, as he hurried to the window to give the signal to enter to his pal.

"Now yer all right," as Tom landed neatly into the room on his toes. "All's square down here; upstairs is what we want—come!"

Sidney Blake led the way to the stairs quite familiarly, as if he was well acquainted with the house and its surroundings.

"Now we must be mighty sly and careful, er we'll lose the boodle, an' I want yer to follow my instructions to the letter—an' don't open yer mouth, d'ye hear?"

"Tom's only answer was a shake of his woolly head, as he followed Sid up the stairs and to the front part of the house.

"Noiselessly opening a door, he flashed his bull's-eye round the room; nothing but the usual articles of furniture, which make up the furnishing of a bedroom, met his scrutinizing gaze.

"This isn't the place where she keeps her valyables; its in t'other; and we'll have to do the job mighty neat, er th' old man'll get at us."

Taking a piece of paper from his pocket, he flashed the lantern on its contents:

"No. 718 Regent street,—one woman, widow, sleeps in front room, second floor; valuables—large amount of cash, a full set of diamonds, nineteen pearls, and a heavy gold watch and chain. Kept in back second floor room, either in bureau or small trunk. Light sleeper; be careful and wary—Catty."

"We're in the right room; there's the bureau and trunk. Oh, Catty's a dumpling fer finding out things. Hold this lantern, while I unlock the lid of this trunk."

Giving a hurried glance at the sleeping form, Sid proceeded to try to unlock the cover of the trunk.

The first key was too large, the next, too small, the third, however, fitted the lock; in a trice he had the lid open, and ransacked its contents.

The first "valyable" which his eye caught was a gold watch and guard; the next, a pearl necklace and a set of diamonds.

While yet in this stooping posture, a rustle was heard, emanating from the corner of the room.

"Douse that glim!" in an undertone.

Ere he could arise a hand was laid firmly on his shoulder.

"What, my good man, is thy errand at this unseemly hour?"

"The game's up," cried Sid, as he attempted to rise.

"Again, I repeat the question: What calls thee hither at this unseeming hour?"

"None o' yer blanked business!" contemptuously.

"Very well; thou wilt suffer the penalty," in a slow, solemn tone.

"What'cher going to do about it?"

"Thou art my prisoner—move not from thy position!"

"Tom! here!" in a hoarse whisper.

"Thy friend and comrade is away; he disappeared at thy capture."

"Well, who under the sun are you, anyway?"

"I am called by my friends Sentinelia."

"An' who be's yer friends?"

"The spirits—I am—"

"The spirits!" in horror.

"I am a spirit sentinel—hence my name."

"Well, just let me pass, then, 'thout any more o' yer blarney, er I'll run this yer through yer carcass," flourishing a huge jack knife:

"Not so fast, my good friend."

"Aren't yer going ter let me out? yer ugly varmint?"

"Certainly not; give a fair account of your strange actions, and thou mayest go free—under certain conditions."

"Get out'n my way! yer putty bladder, d'ye hear?" attempting to rise, but with a lamentable failure.

"Thou'rt becoming excited, friend;—keep quiet until I put these around thy slender wrists;" drawing forth from some concealed pocket about a yard of netting or lace.

"No yer don't, either—non' o' yer bracelets fer me—oh, no."

"Thy wrists, please," authoritively.

"Not much; I'm going ter rise; look yer, I'll upset ye."

Sid made a strenuous effort to arise, but some mysterious power held him down.

Before he had time to recover himself, the sentinel had secured his wrists in the lace.

In vain he struggled, all to no avail. He was a prisoner at the hands of a "spirit."

"Well, here's a holy pickle! What'll Catty say?" To the sentinel:

"Lemme up, will yer?"

"Ease yourself, friend, thou art a prisoner."

Poor Sid gazed ruefully at the bands around his wrists. Indeed he was a prisoner.

"Thou stay here until the sun rises; my medium will call a guardian of the peace; he will take care of thee"

It was a hopeless case with Sid. The harder he struggled to free himself, the more exhausted he became.

Utterly worn out with his frantic exertions, he sank down, thoroughly mastered.

CHAPTER II.—THE SEANCE.

"Isn't she beautiful?"

"Look at those beautiful garments."

"And the classical features."

"And the lofty bearing."

"It is simply grand!"

The above expressions were ejaculated in joyous surprise and astonishment, as a beautiful spirit emerged from the cabinet, which was constructed from curtains drawn across one corner of the room.

The house in which the manifestations occurred was that of Mrs. S. M. Merator, 713 Regent Street.

This lady was a medium for materialization, and on the evening preceeding the attempted burglary, had given a seance to her friends with magnificent results, at the close of which "Sentinelia" had manifested and predicted a disturbance in the usually smooth running of the household.

None thought that his prediction would so soon be verified. The curtains had been left just as they stood. Dismissing her guests, she threw herself, exhausted from the fatiguing elements of the seance, on the bed.

* * * * *

Morning dawned with a black London fog pervading the atmosphere, and hanging over the city like some huge cloud.

Little did Mrs. Merator imagine that in the other room laid the "disturbance" of which Sentinelia had spoken.

A groan from Sid caused the lady to hurry to the door. Uttering a terrified scream she fled down stairs and into the street.

Hastily clutching at a slowly parading policeman, she dragged that much astonished individual into the house and upstairs.

Showing into the room, without articulating a sound, she pointed wildly at the form of the burglar, literally covered with round upon round of lace or network.

"Take him away!" she managed to gasp out.

"Who dressed him up that way?" asked the policeman, more astonished than ever.

"I don't know—take him away;" desperately.

Seeing diamonds, shoes, pearls, brushes, watches, and a general conglomeration of ladies' "flutherment" strewn wildly around the floor, the easy-going policeman collared Sid by the nape of the neck and led him into the street.

Sid, lace and policeman, of course attracted a great deal of attention, as the prisoner was dragged through the streets to the station-house.

Mrs. Merator charged him with burglary. He was tried, convicted and imprisoned. The full penalty of the law, however, was not passed upon him, as evidence was lacking, and Sid was too astonished at his novel predicament to plead "not guilty."

No person but Mrs. Merator and Sentinelia ever knew how the thief was captured; but nevertheless the police officials have the lace which imprisoned Sidney Blake on the memorable night; and they declare that "It was the neatest capture ever made."

Sidney, as may be surmised, never entered a house again to rob it. He now follows a good trade, in his native city, —London.

If he ever meets any of his old pals, especially Tom, whom he roundly berated "for not helping him out'en that blanked pickle, an' to be caught by a spirit! Ugh!" he always tells them of his peculiar capture.

Sceptical Literature in India.

There are 600 native newspapers in India, all of which, with the exception of about half a dozen, are bitterly opposed to Christianity. Societies are now being organized for the dissemination of the sceptical writings of England and America. An important one is in operation from Lahore, as a centre, while another has its headquarters in Benares. The picture of the gods best known to the Hindu pantheon are even lithographed in Germany and England and sold in Calcutta. Native rajahs interest themselves in circulating Hindu tracts, and have adopted shrewd methods to carry on their work. The Rev. Mr. Craven informs me that he knows of one rajah alone who is printing just now, at his own expense, 200,000 of Hindu tracts, and intends to distribute them at the large fairs of North India.—[Dr. Hurst, in Harper's Magazine.

His Only Opening.

Bobby had been a bad little boy all day, and his mother was very much displeased with him.

"Why, Bobby," she said, "what in the world will become of you when you grow to be a man, if you will be so naughty?"

Bobby looked completely discouraged for a moment over his gloomy prospects and then brighted.

"Well, ma," he said, "why wouldn't I make a good weather prophet?"

Special to The Better Way.

Onset Letter.

Reader, did you ever take a Russian bath? No. Then do not leave the city, when you visit New York, without having done so. You will find it one of the greatest known delights. You may take your accustomed bath in your own bathtub at home and consider yourself clean; but take a Russian bath and you will begin to think you were never clean before in all your life. Besides, an ordinary bath is considered a piece of work necessary to be done, and is gone through with as quickly as possible, while a Russian bath is felt to be a luxury; and when once you are in it you feel sorry to leave it. In divesting yourself of your clothing you seem to lay aside all care, and think no more of worrying things until you have gone through with your bath, and return to your room to dress. The writer has taken both the Russian and Turkish baths, but finds the Russian preferable.

Russian baths were introduced into the United States nearly thirty years ago, via England, where they had become very popular. The action of the baths upon the human body is wonderful. They restore the natural action of the skin and stimulate and equalize the circulation of the blood. For a person of sedentary habits they are grand exercise. The difference presented in the appearance of the skin of one long accustomed to the bath and that of the novice is striking. We find the former pink, hard, elastic, clear and sensible, while the latter is pale, flabby, soft, wrinkled and yellow.

The bather is conducted into a tepid chamber, of 110°, and there intrusted to the care of an attendant who prepares a couch of marble on which he reclines, while a sponge and basin of fresh water is placed beside him, when he occasionally wets the sponge and passes it over his forehead. This cools his head and prevents any feeling of oppression which the beginner is sometimes liable to. The feet are at the same times placed in a tub of warm water. The bather remains in the chamber for ten or fifteen minutes, or until perspiration takes place freely. He is then conducted to an ante-room and undergoes a thorough purification by scrubbing. The whole body, from head to foot, is soaked, rubbed and perfectly cleansed, after which comes the shower bath of tepid water. He is next shown to the vapor chamber, where he remains a short time, occasionally partaking of showers, also of the plunge, which is highly tonic and invigorating, and never omitted by old bathers. Having remained in the bath so long as necessary, the bather takes the cold shower, which closes the pores and tones and fortifies the skin against exposure. He is conducted to another chamber, rolled in blankets for fifteen or twenty minutes, and then the whole body is shampooned and thoroughly dried. He will then dress and ascend to the parlors, where he may recline on a soft and tempting lounge and enjoy a siesta. This is the process of a Russian bath.

A party of prayerful and zealous people met at the residence of Mrs. Cynthia Smith, on Highland avenue, the afternoon of the 27th, Whole World's Soul Communion day, and spent a half hour in silent prayer, after which a beautiful poem was given by the guides of Mrs. Kimball, followed by a prayer, and remarks purporting to come from an ancient spirit.

The high tides of Wednesday came within six inches of the railroad track and washed away the pier at the eastern end of the bridge. It raised the wharf over the piles and did some damage to boats.

A letter from Dr. Sara E. Hervey informs us she has opened an office for psychic, magnetic and mental healing at 338 West Thirty-fourth street, New York City, and is quite busy already.

The Childrens' Progressive Lyceum is indebted to the generosity of Mrs. A. Butterfield, of Chelsea, for most of the presents that adorned their Chriftmas tree. Mrs. Butterfield is very much interested in lyceum work and the training of the young in our beautiful philosophy, in Boston as well as Onset.

Mrs. Torry, Secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society in Boston, is about building a cottage at Onset on Longwood avenue, between Second and Third streets.

Mr. Clark, proprietor of Hotel Onset, arrived Friday; also M. E. Snyder came to look at the hotel, with a view to leasing the same.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday were extremely cold days—Sunday was more moderate. A light fall of snow in the morning was followed by a tremendous storm of wind and rain, which prevented the children from meeting at the Lyceum.

Mr. Leonard Brownie having bought two lots on Thirteenth street, is preparing to build a cottage. GUSTIE F. HOWE.

ONSET, MASS., January 2, 1888.

Justice not Toleration.

Toleration has a sweet soothing sound to men long chased by the hounds of persecution, but after all, what is it but intolerance in a benevolent mood, giving to-day what it reserves the right to withhold at any time? Tolerance means tyranny and the right to tyranize. Think of the light as tolerated by darkness, truth by falsehood, right by wrong. The fact that toleration is necessary condemns the condition which makes it necessary. It is a denial of rights and equalities; it is aristocracy and the king granting favors to common folks by some fanciful right acquired by divine or other hocus pocus; and a man should resent it as he would resent the penny offerings of a charitable highwayman who has relieved him of his purse.—[Winstead Press.

How Many Remember the Text!

Not a bad story this—we find it in the *Living Church:* It is on record that a clergyman repeated the same sermon so frequently that some members of his congregation complained to the bishop, who accordingly remonstrated with the parson. He replied unhesitatingly: "Well, my lord, it is quite true that I do preach the same sermon very frequently; but, looking to the barren results, I feel perfectly warranted in doing so." As this explanation was not considered quite satisfactory, the bishop arranged an interview at the palace with the rector and two of his churchwardens, who concurred in the complaint. After referring to the object of the conference, the rector turned suddenly to one of the churchwardens and asked: "What was the text?" The churchwarden, after considerable shuffling and evasion, was unable to give it. Turning to the other intelligent functionary, he asked the same question with a similar result, and finally appealed to the bishop as to whether he was not fully justified in repeating the sermon in such extraordinary circumstances. But how many persons who go to church can remember the text or give anything like a coherent, sensible review of the sermon?

We are taught that the first Adam was made a living soul; the second Adam a quickening spirit. These are teachings of the popular theology, and not without some foundation, either allegorical or circumstantial. What is their real signification?